20 Pages

The Meredith News

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OPEN TO ALL — A GRANITE STATE WEEKLY FREE LANCE — INFLUENCED BY NONE

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THE NEWS

Meredith and Sandwich Editions

W. T. & CHARLOTTE LANCE
Publishers

Senator Keyes on Senate Appropriations Committee

Senator Henry W. Keyes was accorded the honor lately of being elected to membership on the Appropriations Committee of the United States Senate. The assignment as a member of the Committee on Appropriations was made without solicitation on the part of Senator Keyes and is a decided recognition of his faithful and conscientious work in the Senate, the appointment coming really as a request on the part of the Senate to Senator Keyes to take up this work.

The Appropriations Committee, always the most important committee of the Senate, is even more so at the present time for now that the United States is operating under the budget system all matters of appropriation for every department of the government are passed upon by this great committee.

It will be remembered that Senator Keyes, when he was Governor of New Hampshire, urged in his inaugural address the adoption of a budget system for his state, and he was a member of the special committee of the United States Senate which drafted the present budget law.

The great West has the chairmanship in the person of that veteran statesman Senator Warren, of Wyoming, and it is interesting to note that there will be upon this important committee, in addition to Senator Keyes, but one Republican member east of the State of Illinois. All the Democratic members of the Committee are from the southern states.

Membership upon the Appropriations Committee of the Senate is the most sought of all committee assignments and is considered a preferential designation. Last year the committee passed upon a budget which totalled $3,751,017.14

Today, for the first time in its history, the State of New Hampshire has a representative upon both Senate and House Appropriations Committees; Senator Keyes in the Senate and Congressman Wason in the House.

Moses Pleased at Strong Republican Support on Coast

Washington, D. C., Dec. 7—"What did you find the pleasantest part of your California trip?" queried the Sunday Union Leader correspondent of Senator Moses within a few minutes of his return to Washington after a month spent on the Pacific Coast. "I don't know of anything more satisfactory," replied the Senior Senator from New Hampshire, "than to find that California was standing staunchingly Republican.

"There was great enthusiasm out there over the tremendous Republican majority that re-elected Senator Johnson."

Senator Moses has come back in splendid health and has gained so many pounds through the thorough rest obtained on the trip, that he did not deny the charge of having "grown fat" when groups of Senators gathered around him on his first appearance in the Senate Chamber, patted him heartily on the back, shook his hand warmly and gave him a rousingly cordial welcome. It was noticable, looking down from the press gallery, that the cordiality of the so-called "regulars" was no greater than that of "those honorary obstructionists" as one of the Southern men described the farm bloc group. The whole Senate admires the fearless, outspoken, able senior senator from New Hampshire, whether or not it endorses his views. It recognizes him as a leader of his party—a man who isn't afraid to give or take a blow, but who always plays strong and fair and never hits below the belt.

The News has quite a number of extra copies of this issue. Telephone or write and we will reserve the number you ask for as long as they last.

FOR SALE—A fine Vermont farm. Good house, large barn, farm keeps 36 head of cattle, big sugar orchard, running water, rolling land, great for grazing. 29 acres of woodland, 50 acres under tillage; total acreage 150. Terms. Apply to W. T. Lance

BIGGEST ISSUE ON RECORD

Twenty Pages of Interesting Matter Presented to Readers of The News This Week

The Meredith-Sandwich News will print this week the biggest issue ever sent out from this office, thanks to our new equipment which permits a work of this magnitude to be accomplished in a town the size of Meredith.

Readers will find:

Seven or more pages of pure Christmas matter for old and young.

One of the Maloon articles on Meredith's past.

Sketches from the pen of E. H. Wilcomb, including:

"When Hanson Beede Played Santa Claus."

"The Old Almanac Maker."

"The Electrical Age."

"Onsipee Park."

Correspondence from many surrounding towns, from Holderness to Whitefield.

Continuance of our serial story "The Cross-Cut Mine."

State news, general news, short stories, etc.

Announcements from wide-awake merchants who buy goods and sell them at prices to attract buyers to Meredith.

And last, but not least, the cover design, drawn by Norman Rockwell, the famous artist who adorns the covers for the Saturday Evening Post, the Country Gentleman, and other publications.

Winona

John Pollard's brother, his wife, and son Stanley, from Haverhill, Mass., visited him last week.

Cornelious Langly is in town again.

Mitchel Bassett and Frank Sirrell are working for Charles Bowles.

Deer hunters are plentiful, but report no deer.

Charles Salkins is working for Will Howe.

A blushing bride and groom will honeymoon in Meredith this week when Mr. and Mrs. Karl Ward of Roxbury, Mass., visit here. Their wedding day is set for Friday and they are due here at noon Saturday. Mrs. Ward is well known here as Miss Josephine Hayward. Mr. Ward has been a frequent visitor the past summer and fall. He is an officer in the State Treasurer's office, Boston.

Read the News Want Ads

GLANCING OVER MEREDITH'S PAST

E. H. Maloon, the Village Blacksmith, Delves Into Local History

Editor News:

When I started these letters it was distinctly understood that I was to depend on my memory for material to dates. In this history of Meredith I had no time or desire to look up what I try to write. I give it as I remember it and if I make errors or slight anyone I am willing to be forgiven and will get it righted if you will give me facts showing that I am not right.

Sixty or more years ago I remember Capt. Dan Smith, who then owned the Chet Bickford stand. He was a large portly man and walked with a cane. I think at that time he was a man of leisure with not much business to look after. I remember "Feb" Smith, his son, when he was selling goods in the old Sam Bean building. He may have owned the store. I remember of his offering honey to some ladies which they refused. I also remember when he clerked for J. W. Beede. I don't remember as he was ever in any business for himself in Meredith. I also remember Sarah Ann, Capt. Dan's daughter. She was near my age and I used to go down and play with her when I was a little shaver. Capt. Dan was then building the barn that is there now, and we pestered the carpenters by climbing over it, thus risking a broken leg or neck. They would drive us away.

I also remember a Colby girl who lived there. I do not seem to remember what became of this family. I remember a hired man that they once had by the name of Joshua and we boys used to sing to him after this fashion:

"Threw up a pumpkin, down came a squash; stove it all to pieces and out popped Josh!"

This made the poor fellow mad and we had to seek safety in flight.

I think Geo. G. Hoyt, Jr., next lived here. This is the Hoyt who married Mary Cornell that I have mentioned in a previous letter. He was then a clerk, I think in Henry Prescott's store. Later he became a drummer for a firm in Boston, which work he

(Continued on the Last Page)

Merrill Optical Co.
611 MAIN STREET
Laconia, New Hampshire
Next to Theatre. Both Phone

Received a New Lot of
Men's Clothing
Wonderful Trades

Full line Men's Trousers, all kinds
Good values in Men's and Boys' Sheepskin Coats
Flannel Shirts and Mackinaws
Nice line Men's, Boys' and Children's Underwear

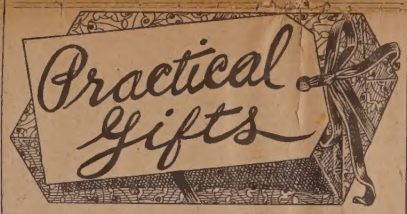
New lot of Men's Caps, 75c. to $1.00
Extra Bargains

S. GRAD

The Economy Store
M. E. SHARON, Prop.

CHINA
GLASSWARE
CROCKERY
NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK
NEW PROCESS OIL
STOVES AND HEATERS
COOK STOVES AND HEATERS
ALUMINUM WARE
ENAMEL WARE
TINWARE
ERIE IRON WARE
POST CARDS
TOYS
GAMES
DOLLS
COASTER WAGONS
KIDDIE KARS
BASKETS
BALSAM PILLOWS
HAIR NETS
PURSES
SOUVENIRS
FLAGS, PENNANTS

Double Roasters for CHRISTMAS Dinner Sets.



The Latest in Christmas Goods...

EVERYTHING NICE FOR THOSE WHO GIVE AND RECEIVE

We cater to all who are particular, and discriminate between the cheap and worthless and the choice and durable. Among the new and select are the following:

THE ELITE IN STATIONERY
WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS
EVERSHARP AND SUPERITE PENS AND PENCILS
CREPE PAPER
CIGARS, TOBACCO, CIGARETTES AND HOLDERS
FAMOUS B. B. B. PIPES
RAZORS, INCLUDING SAFETY,
BRUSHES, STROPS, SOAP AND LOTIONS
POCKET KNIVES in Pearl, Steel and Ivory
FAMOUS GILBERT AND ALARM CLOCKS
THERMOS BOTTLES
COMBINATION SETS OF TOILET WATERS
TALCUM AND FACE POWDERS, JONTEEL, HUDNUT, MARY GARDEN, D'JERKISS IN THREE FLOWERS, VIOLET SEC.
LATEST IN LADIES' POCKETBOOKS
DIARIES
RUBBER GOODS
METAL HOT WATER BOTTLES
THE CHOICEST IN CHOCOLATE PACKAGES, BRUSHES, COMBS
CAMERAS, FILMS
ALL TYPES OF FLASHLIGHTS AND BATTERIES
GREY GULL PHONOGRAPH RECORDS
PLAYING CARDS INCLUDING CONGRESS

Geo. F. Sanborn & Son
The Rexall Store, Central Square
Meredith, New Hampshire

START NOW

Do Your Christmas Shopping EARLY
AND DO IT AT
THE OLD BEEDE STORE

We have absolutely the largest stock and greatest variety of merchandise under any one roof in this vicinity.

Here are a few suggestions for practical Christmas Gifts:

Ladies Fancy Combs
Toilet Articles
Purses
Silk Hose
Camisoles
Shirt Waists
Comfy Slippers
Handkerchiefs
Scarfs
Fancy Box Stationery
Thermos Bottles
Flash Lights
Gloves
Mittens
Mackinaws
Sheep Lined Coats
Heavy Artics
Leggins
Moccasins
Snow Shoes
Skates
Skiis
Sleds
Neckties
Sweaters
Ready Made Pequoit Sheets
Ready Made Pillow Cases
Trunks
Suit Cases
Umbrellas
Wash Dresses
Boys' Blouses
Men's Dress Shirts
Men's Wool Shirts
Fancy Underwear
Bed Blankets
Quilts
Toques
Fancy Beads
Congoleum Art Squares
Congoleum by the Yard

You will find the items mentione d above and many more in our stock

IN OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Christmas Candy
Nuts of all kinds
A Good Line of Fruit
Northern Spy Apples
Baldwin Apples
Confectionery of all Kinds
Fancy Groceries
Tobacco and Cigars

J. R. JACOBS
Meredith — Successor to J. W. Beede & Co.

SELECT YOUR GIFTS FROM OUR BIG CHRISTMAS STOCK

USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MEN AND BOYS

Bath Robes, Camel Hair Scarfs, Silk, Madras, Repp, Fibre.. Silk, English Broadcloth Shirts, Wool and Silk Hose, Belts, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, all kinds Men's Jewelry, also a very BIG LINE OF TIES.

AT STANLEY'S
Home of Hart, Shaffner, Marx Clothes
MEREDITH, N. H.

About this time of Year

many conservative investors, both large and small, are very carefully considering the placing of a certain amount of their funds in some good substantial proposition where they will get a good return on their money.

TIMES CHANGE! Twenty years ago 4 p. c. was a fair return on your savings. Today's living costs are nearly double what they were at that time. You should invest your money so that its earnings will make up for this difference.

The Holbrook Grocery Company, anold established and growing New England corporation, with their first wholesale grocery house at Keene, N. H. and later establishing distributing points at Woodsville, Nashua, Laconia, Claremont, N. H. and Burlington, Vt., are now offering $300,000 in 7 p. c. Cumulative, Preferred Stock A, par value $100, dividends payable quarterly, by check mailed direct to stockholder, February 1st, May 1st, August 1st and November 1st.

THIS STOCK IS PREFERRED BOTH AS TO DIVIDENDS AND ASSETS

Write us for Further Particulars

THE HOLBROOK GROCERY COMPANY
Wholesale Grocers
St. James & Lamson Sts., Keene, N. H.

Center Sandwich

Mr. Harry Clark of Winchester, Mass., was in town for a few days last week, returning to his home Sunday.

One of the buildings on the James Beede farm, occupied by men who are cutting the timber, caught on fire recently. The flames were quickly extinguished, however, and the damage was slight.

Miss Mabel Quimby of North Sandwich, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Will Marston Saturday and Sunday. Messages were received by radio from New York, Iowa, Indiana and Cuba broacasting stations. Mr. and Mrs. Marston, who have recently had the radio outfit installed, are affording much pleasure to their friends.

Mrs. Alfred Moorhouse of Brookline, Mass., spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. Nellie Blanchard.

Lewis Garland of Cambridge, Mass., was in town for a few hours Sunday.

Sylvender Pettengill returned from Boston the last of the week.

A car owned by Harry Blanchard, caught fire in Thompson's Garage a few days ago, but the flames were quickly extinguished.

Mr. Melvin Allen of Franklin, N. H. and friends, were week end visitors in Sandwich.

Peter Plaisted has moved some of his household effects in the Ralph Blackey house and will do telephone repair work in Sandwich this winter.

Mrs. Amy Burrows has returned after visiting relatives in Warner and Laconia.

Mrs. Fred Burrows attended the State Grange held at Portsmouth this week.

General Smith, Nat Burrows and Severance Bryant each shot a deer last week.

Mrs. Fred Mudgett recently visited her daughters in New Hampton.

Fred Smith, who has been quite ill for several weeks, is improving.

Miss Lillian Mudgett is visiting her sister, Mrs. Herman Fogg, in New Hampton.

Mr. Schaffer of Laconia spent several hours in town Thursday.

Miss Edith Quimby, who has been

(Continued on Fourth Page)

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE NEWS

Give Bread For Poor

Concord Baker's Union has voted to donate 50 loaves of bread to the local Salvation Army for the Christmas dinner and baskets to be distributed.

Scarlet Fever Closes School

The increase in the number of scarlet fever cases in the high school of Somersworth caused action by the health authorities, who ordered all classes suspended. The health department employees fumigated the building and took other precautions to prevent a spread of the disease.

Boston Unions Aid Textile Folk

The Boston Central Labor union has recommended to all affiliated unions that a special assessment of 10 cents a week per member be levied to raise funds for the relief of the striking shopmen of the Boston and Maine and New Haven railroads and the textile workers of Manchester.

Abolishing State Board Won't Help

Denial that abolishment of the state tax commission, passing an income tax law, or "tinkering" with the methods of taxation in New Hampshire will help the farmers of the state was expressed by Joseph H. Geisel, city assessor of Manchester, addressing a session of the annual meeting of the New Hampshire Association of Assessors.

Estate Of Woman Gets $6000 Award

A verdict of $6,000 against Daniel Cronin, formerly of Manchester, was brought in by the jury which heard evidence in the suit brought against Cronin by the estate of Mrs. Hattie Young of Pelham to recover sums of money said to have been obtained by Cronin through undue influence upon Mrs. Young who was 84 at the time of her death. The amount named in the suit was $25,000.

Fire Razes Oldest Litchfield House

One of the most historic landmarks in New Hampshire was destroyed, when the oldest house in Litchfield, built in 1747, was burned to the ground.

It was built by Charles Darrah and a kinsman, both of whom left their ancestral abode to build Wheeler place on the banks of the Merrimack in Hudson, and emigrated to Litchfield.

Finds Radium Mine

A "radium mine" has been discovered on Kate's Hill, four miles from Berlin, and United States Government officials have said they think the product is "the real thing."

And as a result Edward Caron, a 38-year old French Canadian who discovered the mine, is now digging feverishly to ascertain if he has found the riches that he failed to find when he was a miner in Montana and in the Canadian Northwest.

Fleming Enters In Contest For Mayor

Dennis M. Fleming has announced his candidacy for mayor of Manchester on the Democratic ticket at the next municipal election in 1923.

Mr. Fleming is prominent in the labor movement in New Hampshire. He was recently reelected president of the Manchester Textile Council and a member of the congressional board of the United Textile Workers of America. He is also a representative elect.

School Histories Approved

J. J. Scully, as chairman of the committee which has been investigating histories used in the Concord public schools, announced that he has reported to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, that the order should have no objections to the histories used in the local schools. Considerable agitation has been aroused in various parts of the country over the unfairness of the histories used as text books with the result that the local A. O. H. named a committee to make its own investigation. The committee received every courtesy from the local board.

Predicts Gasoline Tax to Yield $500,000

Secretary H. Styles Bridges of New Hampshire farm bureau, in a statement takes issue with Secretary Fletcher Hale of the state tax commission on the probable income from a cent tax a gallon on gasoline. Mr. Hale, in a recent address, said not more than $300,000 would be realized from such a tax. Mr. Bridges asserts the amount would be nearer $500,000.

Mr. Bridges argues against a proposal to exempt the tax on gasoline used for stationary engines and tractors, saying that he believes the farmers would benefit chiefly by this exception will be willing to pay the tax. He says the cost of handling the exemptions under the Connecticut law costs more than the collection of the entire tax of approximately $1,-000,000.

In Prison With Their Children

The House of Correction at Gracmere assumed more the appearance of a nursery than that of a prison with the arrival of Mrs. Maurice Katz and her five children, all under 10 years of age, to join Mrs. Agnes Polinski and her brood of two, who arrived the day before.

Both women were sentenced in Superior Court on charges of illegal possession of liquor. Mrs. Katz was found guilty in Municipal Court recently on a second violation of the liquor laws and was fined.

Honors Its War Heroes In Book

Claremont has a unique memorial to its citizens who served in the world war. It has just received and is on exhibition at the Fiske free library.

The memorial is in the form of a huge book, handsomely bound in real leather. The gold-leaf edges embellished with panel work. A page is devoted to each record, on which is engraved the name, date of enrolment, age, organization, service, wounds, honors, promotions and date of discharge.

Declares Efforts To End Vaccination Menace To Health

That the so-called "Medical Liberty League" to prohibit compulsory vaccination in New Hampshire would provide no remedy after after letting the ban down is the opinion of H. A. Streeter, Manchester health officer.

Officials of the League have announced their intention to urge the enactment of a bill against compulsory vaccination at the next session of State Legislature, and have already dispatched marked copies of bills containing facts regarding their organization to representatives-elect.

Name Highway After Dartmouth

Dartmouth college will have a great state highway bear its name shortly, if Gov. Albert O. Brown, 1Ke trustee of the college, has his way.

Governor Brown, in outlining the plan to name the West Side Highway after the college, stated that he and Major George E. Lisconb, of his staff, and of the class of 1907, had such a scheme which he proposed to "take up at once with the governor-elect."

Governor Brown said he had chosen the West Side highway to bear the college's name because it ran through Hanover and might appropriately bear it.

More Cooperative Bodies In Prospect

The discussion of cooperative marketing in New Hampshire and farm management featured the eight annual county and club agents' conference at Durham, in connection with the extension service of the college.

No outside speakers were asked to attend this year which is a new departure. Problems of the past were taken up and plans for the future were laid, this work taking the place of the other speakers.

It was the sentiment of the gathering that the state marking association was doing its part to help the farmer and that they expected to back up the idea of a milk pool should one be started in the state. Also it was mentioned about the possibility of an Eastern States pool being formed for fertiliser as it is for feed stuffs at the present time.

Tax Problem Main Topic At Gathering of N. H. Assessors

The State Association of Tax Officials listened to "A Woman's Ideas of Taxation" by Mrs. Robert Jackson of Concord. She had several ideas which interested the tax assessors who, more than 100 in number, gathered to hear her and the other speakers of the opening day's session.

Mrs. Jackson said that from a study of her tax bill and her own observations about the state, she favored a repeal of the poll tax on women, and an exemption of farmers from taxation when they are making an effort to develop agriculture, an automobile licenses and a policy of abolishing of summer transient automobile licenses and a policy of economy in state government where by the cause of commissions, might be held down.

An address by Gov. Albert O. Brown in regard to the necessity for a state income tax and a discussion of possible tax reforms by Gov. Hiram Johnson of California brought the annual two-day conference to a close.

Gov. Brown repeated his suggestion to call into session once again the constitutional convention, that New Hampshire is still an active organization, for the purpose of inserting an income tax or other tax amendments into the state constitution. He strongly urged the passage of an income tax.

On the subject of a gasoline tax, the Governor stated that he would work for its enactment.

Other speakers were Tax Commissioners Henry F. Long of Massachusetts and Fletcher Hale of New Hampshire and W. A. Rowell of Lakeport, the "champion of hard roads."

A feature of the program was Mr. Rowell's address on a general view of the road problem. He expounded the subject from a broad angle, giving statistics regarding types of roads that effect a concrete conservation of maintenance which is serious-ly consuming story to the state, he stopped his hurried work and regarded the boy with kindly eyes as he said:

"Last trip, son; it is after ten o'clock now, and if anything should come in later, we will hold it until morning. I know how it is; used to carry them myself."

The boy went out into the night, and made his way towards the outskirts of the town, where there were no street cars; where the way was often dark, and the sidewalks were and broken. It was the negro quarters, where broken window panes were stuffed with old rags and the window curtains were of paper, dirty muslin or pieces of faded red tablecloth.

The heavenly Messenger plodded down a side street, stamping his feet to keep the snow from caking on his shoes. He came out of the dark under the rustling trees, whose ice-covered limbs creaked and crackled in the wind tiredfully, past an electric light, dimmed by millions of swirling white flakes, then into the dark again.

Suddenly a house loomed up before him that seemed to be settling into the snow like a ship on the brink of foundering. Even as the Christmas Angel lit the first match, shielding it from the wind, and holding it close to see the house number, the door was opened. He had been expected. An old negro man bowed him in. His face was sad and wrinkled, and his hair the color of wood ashes. He wore enormous carpet slippers and a checkered woolen shirt at the neck, showed underwear of coarse red flannel.

"We-all been 'spectin' you, sah!" he quavered. "Lil gran'chil' sick in Chicago hospital. Ellen! Ellen!" he called, shrilly.

There was heavy movement in the room beyond, and a stout "mammy" came into view, breathing heavily as her weight threw her slightly from side to side, as she walked.

"Do lettah come?" asked the old woman, hastily rubbed the left eye and blinked for a full minute before she could see the writing. Woman-like, she turned the pages and read the last paragraph first.

"Its from de nurse," she announced. "Praise de Lawd, de chile am safe an' soun'; out ob all dangah, it say! Now it suah will be Christmas joy wit us."

Although he could not write, the old negro man proudly touched the pencil as his name was written in the boy's receipt book, turned, and, now and minus one of his glad tidings, the Heavenly Messenger departed into the falling snow, which soon swallowed him up, and then quickly covered over his foot-prints, as if in fear he might be followed, and some harm come to him.

The next message of glad tidings was delivered to a stenographer tucked away in a back room of a rather dilapidated-looking rooming-house. It was a letter from home. She knew it would come at the last moment. Yes, she had been crying, and it wouldn't have been like Christmas at all, had it not been for the Christmas messenger.

"I'm so tired of the office grind," she confided, more to herself, than to the boy. "I've written 'Dear Sir' a hundred and fifty thousand times this week, I'm sure."

Then she straightened his necktie, patted him on the head, and the angel trudged down stairs and out into the night again.

Next came a letter for the head of a family in a magnificent home—where the Heavenly Messenger passed a relay of servants before reaching the parlor, and found in the address. That worthy held the portieres aside and stepped forth in evening dress—a serious man, with gray hair. He signed for the letter, then looked at the Christmas Messenger, inquiringly.

"Come in here son," he directed, and led the boy into the library. The room was a confusion of dazzling women and holiday decorations. An evergreen tree that reached almost to the ceiling was loaded with toys and Christmas presents of every color and kind, while other parcels and packages were heaped on the floor, at the foot of the tree.

"A little girl," the man was saying, "our daughter, an only child; she means everything—nothing we'll be happy. Now, just suppose you were she; do you think she will like all this?" And all the women listened eagerly to hear what the boy would say.

"I would, but maybe—well, there's too much of this"—pointing to the gaudy toys. "I remember my baby sister got a lot of fine toys when dad was living, and she left them all and went into the kitchen to play with some new tin pans and things mother had just got from the store."

The star of the New York Opera company dabbed at her face with a rabbit's foot. A fine Christmas, this, she reflected bitterly; snow three feet deep, Broadway hundreds of , miles away and the show going to pieces this very night. Ah, me!

She signed for her special delivery letter while the Christmas Angel stared curiously at the bare walls of the dressing-room.

The star gave the messenger a quarter and he passed on his way.

"You will find him in room three-forty-two," said the night clerk at the Commercial hotel. And the Christmas Angel found him, a young athletic traveling man. He was just unpacking his grips and the very first thing he took out was a picture in a silver frame. The Angel studied this picture as the traveling man looked at his "special."

"I've seen that lady before," volunteered the Heavenly Messenger.

"What?" shouted the traveling man, "Where is she?"

"I just took a letter to her over at the opera house," explained the boy. "She's a lady in a show."

"And I've looked for her for nineteen months," said the traveling man slowly. "How strange that I should find her on Christmas Eve. It is sure the 'glad tidings' they tell us about." And the next moment he had his coat and hat on, and was rushing for the elevator, on his way to the opera house and the girl he had sought unavailingly for nineteen months.

The Heavenly Messenger whistled softly as he plodded through the drifted snow and pulled the knob which caused a bell to ring in the interior of an old-fashioned house. Light shone from the frost-coated windows of the front room, though it was now far past midnight. An old gentleman came to the door and pulled the Angel into the room abreast of a strong gust of wind and a blinding flurry of snow.

"Make yourself right at home, my little friend," he insisted warmly. "Take that chair up close to the fire. Emily! Emily! here's a letter from the British consul in New York. What? as I live, Charles is safe. He was shipwrecked off the coast of France, but he's seriously injured and is on his way home."

The motherly woman who had come into the room cried a little over the news from her son, but she did not forget to turn to the bearer of the good tidings and say: "Poor boy, it is a bad night for such a little fellow to be out. Are your feet wet? Take your shoes off and we will dry them."

More warmth came from the old gentleman than came from the fireplace, as he pictured to the boy Christmas time in England. The wife brought a plate of cookies shaped like animals and covered with pink and white frosting.

"Merry Christmas" she called softly, holding a lamp high over her head, as the Christmas Angel slowly made his way down the walk, and out into the night. "Gift my luft to your ma."

"I've Seen That Lady Before."

were the parting words the Angel heard, as he turned the corner of a street and lost sight of the little house of the kindly German folk.

When the Special Delivery Angel awakened Christmas morning — or rather Christmas noon—his mother, sitting at his bedside, and stroking his hair, said to him in a regretful tone, "I had planned to have a turkey for dinner today, but I could not quite manage it. You have your father's eyes, dear. My, but he would have been proud of you!"

"I'd rather have chicken than turkey," answered the boy. "The gravy is better."

"Tell me about last night."

"Nothing but glad tidings, ma. Everyone seemed to be almost tickled to death at their mail. I guess folks don't send any other kind of letters but cheerful ones on Christmas Eve."

Heavenly Messengers

By J. H. Rockwell

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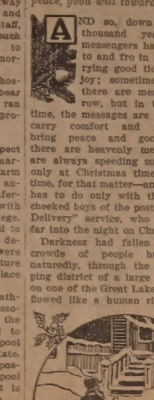
"And there were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night, and lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

"And the angel of the Lord said unto them, Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

AND so, down through two thousand years heavenly messengers have been going to and fro in the earth, carrying good tidings of great joy; sometimes, of course, there are messages of sorrow, but in the Christmas time, the messages are messages that carry comfort and gladness—that bring peace and good will. But there are heavenly messengers who are always speeding somewhere, not only at Christmas time, but all the time, for that matter—and so this story has to do only with the small, red-cheeked boys of the postoffice "Special Delivery" service, who go and come far into the night on Christmas Eve.

Darkness had fallen, and shifting crowds of people hurried to work naturedly, through the packed shopping district of a large Western city, on one of the Great Lakes. The crowd flowed like a human river with cur-



A House Loomed Up Before Him.

rents eddying off into the side streets and alleys.

In the stores could be heard the crisp wrapping of paper, the continuous blare of horns, and tinkling of toy bells, and weary shop girls urging patrons equally weary. Outside was wind and snow, and jostling people loaded down with bales and bundles of Christmas purchases.

In the postoffice the wheels were turning fast, while a steady stream of letters and packages poured in through the mailing-chutes, on every hand. Clerks at the various windows were busy handing out stamps, weighing bundles and making change.

In the center of the room a man was pushing a long, horizontal row of letters along a table into a canceling machine; three others were steadily pounding packages with a rubber stamp. Still another man, nervous and working under pressure, stood just within a horseshoe railing of iron pipe, on which hung canvas mail sacks. With swift, trained hands he tossed letters and packages, from his central position in the horseshoe, into the open mail sacks, with unerring certainty.

Suddenly scooping up a small handful of letters, a clerk called out, "Special!" A small boy arose from a pile of mail sacks with a jump. Rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, he went across the room and entered the addresses of the "specials" in his book.

"Gee, but my feet hurt," he confided to one of the clerks. It was an often-repeated story to the clerk, but he stopped his hurried work and regarded the boy with kindly eyes as he said:

"Last trip, son; it is after ten o'clock now, and if anything should come in later, we will hold it until morning. I know how it is; used to carry them myself."

The boy went out into the night, and made his way towards the outskirts of the town, where there were no street cars; where the way was often dark, and the sidewalks were and broken. It was the negro quarters, where broken window panes were stuffed with old rags and the window curtains were of paper, dirty muslin or pieces of faded red tablecloth.

The heavenly Messenger plodded down a side street, stamping his feet to keep the snow from caking on his shoes. He came out of the dark under the rustling trees, whose ice-covered limbs creaked and crackled in the wind tiredfully, past an electric light, dimmed by millions of swirling white flakes, then into the dark again.

Suddenly a house loomed up before him that seemed to be settling into the snow like a ship on the brink of foundering. Even as the Christmas Angel lit the first match, shielding it from the wind, and holding it close to see the house number, the door was opened. He had been expected. An old negro man bowed him in. His face was sad and wrinkled, and his hair the color of wood ashes. He wore enormous carpet slippers and a checkered woolen shirt at the neck, showed underwear of coarse red flannel.

"We-all been 'spectin' you, sah!" he quavered. "Lil gran'chil' sick in Chicago hospital. Ellen! Ellen!" he called, shrilly.

There was heavy movement in the room beyond, and a stout "mammy" came into view, breathing heavily as her weight threw her slightly from side to side, as she walked.

"Do lettah come?" asked the old woman, hastily rubbed the left eye and blinked for a full minute before she could see the writing. Woman-like, she turned the pages and read the last paragraph first.

"Its from de nurse," she announced. "Praise de Lawd, de chile am safe an' soun'; out ob all dangah, it say! Now it suah will be Christmas joy wit us."

Although he could not write, the old negro man proudly touched the pencil as his name was written in the boy's receipt book, turned, and, now and minus one of his glad tidings, the Heavenly Messenger departed into the falling snow, which soon swallowed him up, and then quickly covered over his foot-prints, as if in fear he might be followed, and some harm come to him.

The next message of glad tidings was delivered to a stenographer tucked away in a back room of a rather dilapidated-looking rooming-house. It was a letter from home. She knew it would come at the last moment. Yes, she had been crying, and it wouldn't have been like Christmas at all, had it not been for the Christmas messenger.

"I'm so tired of the office grind," she confided, more to herself, than to the boy. "I've written 'Dear Sir' a hundred and fifty thousand times this week, I'm sure."

Then she straightened his necktie, patted him on the head, and the angel trudged down stairs and out into the night again.

Next came a letter for the head of a family in a magnificent home—where the Heavenly Messenger passed a relay of servants before reaching the parlor, and found in the address. That worthy held the portieres aside and stepped forth in evening dress—a serious man, with gray hair. He signed for the letter, then looked at the Christmas Messenger, inquiringly.

"Come in here son," he directed, and led the boy into the library. The room was a confusion of dazzling women and holiday decorations. An evergreen tree that reached almost to the ceiling was loaded with toys and Christmas presents of every color and kind, while other parcels and packages were heaped on the floor, at the foot of the tree.

"A little girl," the man was saying, "our daughter, an only child; she means everything—nothing we'll be happy. Now, just suppose you were she; do you think she will like all this?" And all the women listened eagerly to hear what the boy would say.

"I would, but maybe—well, there's too much of this"—pointing to the gaudy toys. "I remember my baby sister got a lot of fine toys when dad was living, and she left them all and went into the kitchen to play with some new tin pans and things mother had just got from the store."

The star of the New York Opera company dabbed at her face with a rabbit's foot. A fine Christmas, this, she reflected bitterly; snow three feet deep, Broadway hundreds of , miles away and the show going to pieces this very night. Ah, me!

She signed for her special delivery letter while the Christmas Angel stared curiously at the bare walls of the dressing-room.

The star gave the messenger a quarter and he passed on his way.

"You will find him in room three-forty-two," said the night clerk at the Commercial hotel. And the Christmas Angel found him, a young athletic traveling man. He was just unpacking his grips and the very first thing he took out was a picture in a silver frame. The Angel studied this picture as the traveling man looked at his "special."

"I've seen that lady before," volunteered the Heavenly Messenger.

"What?" shouted the traveling man, "Where is she?"

"I just took a letter to her over at the opera house," explained the boy. "She's a lady in a show."

"And I've looked for her for nineteen months," said the traveling man slowly. "How strange that I should find her on Christmas Eve. It is sure the 'glad tidings' they tell us about." And the next moment he had his coat and hat on, and was rushing for the elevator, on his way to the opera house and the girl he had sought unavailingly for nineteen months.

The Heavenly Messenger whistled softly as he plodded through the drifted snow and pulled the knob which caused a bell to ring in the interior of an old-fashioned house. Light shone from the frost-coated windows of the front room, though it was now far past midnight. An old gentleman came to the door and pulled the Angel into the room abreast of a strong gust of wind and a blinding flurry of snow.

"Make yourself right at home, my little friend," he insisted warmly. "Take that chair up close to the fire. Emily! Emily! here's a letter from the British consul in New York. What? as I live, Charles is safe. He was shipwrecked off the coast of France, but he's seriously injured and is on his way home."

The motherly woman who had come into the room cried a little over the news from her son, but she did not forget to turn to the bearer of the good tidings and say: "Poor boy, it is a bad night for such a little fellow to be out. Are your feet wet? Take your shoes off and we will dry them."

More warmth came from the old gentleman than came from the fireplace, as he pictured to the boy Christmas time in England. The wife brought a plate of cookies shaped like animals and covered with pink and white frosting.

"Merry Christmas" she called softly, holding a lamp high over her head, as the Christmas Angel slowly made his way down the walk, and out into the night. "Gift my luft to your ma."

"I've Seen That Lady Before."

were the parting words the Angel heard, as he turned the corner of a street and lost sight of the little house of the kindly German folk.

When the Special Delivery Angel awakened Christmas morning — or rather Christmas noon—his mother, sitting at his bedside, and stroking his hair, said to him in a regretful tone, "I had planned to have a turkey for dinner today, but I could not quite manage it. You have your father's eyes, dear. My, but he would have been proud of you!"

"I'd rather have chicken than turkey," answered the boy. "The gravy is better."

"Tell me about last night."

"Nothing but glad tidings, ma. Everyone seemed to be almost tickled to death at their mail. I guess folks don't send any other kind of letters but cheerful ones on Christmas Eve."

HAVING FUN WITH SANTA CLAUS

PARAGRAPHS FOR THE NEW ENGLANDER

News of General Interest From the Six States

Mayor Carroll S. Chaplin, of Portland, Republican, was reelected for a second term receiving 7,162 votes to 3,952 for Samuel L. Bates, his Democratic opponent. He carried seven of the nine wards.

No more units of the national guard of Maine will be organized with his permission, declares Gov. Baxter, adding as his reason that there is no necessity for increasing the state forces. To organize additional units, the Governor said, means increased taxation.

Madeline Ellen Gron, sculptress, wife of Nels Gron, whom she is suing in superior court Portland for divorce, appeared to him to be "the reincarnated spirit of Joan of Arc," according to a letter introduced as an exhibit and written in 1920 by the libelee.

Charles Underwood of Hadley, Mass., a conductor on the Connecticut Valley street railway lines, will continue to ring up fares for a while yet, although word has come to him that he has fallen heir to a generous portion of a $140,000 estate left by an uncle.

Meowing and scratching of a tramp cat in a second-story room at the home of R. F. Raymond, Lewiston, Maine, gave warning or a fire there in time for occupants on the first floor to run up stairs and rescue a 4-month-old child whose life was in danger.

H. D. Sheldon, Vermont state fish and game commissioner, has just issued the final report of deer killed during the open season. The total number of deer reported killed was 794, the smallest number in recent years. Windham county headed the list with 191, while Essex county, up in the northeastern corner of the state, is second with 108.

Miss Dora Gersberg, 23, missing for 15 years, has joined her mother and brother, Jack Gersberg, at Malden street, Pittsfield, Mass. In 1904, when the family was crossing Germany from Russia to embark on a steamer from Rotterdam for Boston, Dora, aged 8, became lost. She was found by a Germany family adopted, and was known as Dora Bloom.

Massachusetts received $5,685,527.-05 in automobile fees up to Nov. 30, Frank A. Goodwin, registrar of motor vehicles, announces. This sum exceeds by nearly $1,000,000 the receipts for registrations and licenses in 1921, when $4,713,890 was paid into the treasury. A total number of 461,510 motor vehicles of all kinds were registered this year, the statement discloses. The total number registered in 1921 was 365,780.

Organization of more than 300 dormitory men of the Worcester Y. M. C. A. into the Y. M. C. A. village will be taken up at an early meeting of all dormitory men. It is planned, according to Dwight L. Murphy, dormitory secretary, to elect a mayor and alderman from seven wards in the five floors of the association building which are devoted to dormitories. Plans also are being made to draw up a constitution.

The American Farm Bureau Federation of one and a half million members, two thousand county organizations and many thousands of consumers representing eighty odd billions of dollars invested is now in the "throes of distress" for lack of a reasonable income to take care of actual needs, declared Gray Silver of Washington, representative of the National Federation, to the annual meeting of the Vermont Farm Bureau Federation.

Mrs. Catherine Buckley died at her home, 14 Congress street, Newburyport, at the age of 103 years.

A small boy with an air rifle shot a match through the open window of Mrs. Mary Ramuski's home on the third floor at South Boston. The match hit the ceiling of a bed chamber, ignited and fell on a mattress, which caught fire. Before extinguished by the department the blaze caused a damage of $25 to the room and its contents.

One of the most interesting and unusual land titles ever passed in Lowell is included in the sale of 15 acres by Joseph Bowers of Middlesex Village to Patrick J. Cogger. The land is part of the old Bowers farm and has come down through the years, from about 1680, to Joseph Bowers, now in his 80th year, without a specific deed setting forth its bounds. It is the first parcel of real property to go outside the Bower's family.

Definite dates for a series of winter sports carnivals in several Maine cities have been fixed by state chambers of commerce secretaries. Principal features in each carnival will be filmed and later used to advertise the state. Plans call for exhibiting the films in Washington, Philadelphia, New York and various southern resorts. The dates of carnivals are: Waterville, Jan. 25, 26, 27; Portland, Feb. 3; University of Maine at Orono, Feb. 8, 9, 10; Augusta, (state of Maine carnival) Feb. 15, 16, 17; Bangor, Feb. 22; Auburn, Feb. 23.

BOSTON MARKET REVIEW

For Week Ending Dec. 9, 1922

Prepared by U. S. Bureau of Markets and Crop Estimates

BRIGHTON LIVE STOCK AND BOSTON WESTERN DRESSED MEAT MARKET

Hog receipts moderate and market lower with a few sales at $8.20-8.40. Receipts of butcher cattle moderate market a trifle lower. Cows and Heifers $3.00-4.75. Bologna bulls $2.50-4.00 and canner cows and heifers $2.00-2.75 per 100 lb. Veal calves, lightweight, selling at $7.00-11.50, with heavy weight $5.00-7.00 per 100 lbs.; under moderate receipts and light demand. Milk cows steady under light demand, choice $150-156, good $140-150, medium $110.00-135.00 and common $80.00-110.00 per head.

DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS

Butter market ruled very firm and prices are higher on all scores of both fresh and storage. Dealers are expressing confidence in present prices and are not offering goods freely. Interest is mostly on storage butter from $5-$6 per tub. Western extra fresh 54 cents; storage 49 cents; northern extras fresh 54½-55 cents. Cheese market continues firm with only a fair amount of trading. Sales reported are mostly in small lots of held and short held twins and single daisies with very little interest being shown on young Americas. Held cheese: Twins 27-28 cents; single daisies 27½-28 cents; young Americas 27-28 cents. Egg market about steady on fresh eggs which are moving rather slow with supplies fairly liberal. Nearby henneryo more plentiful and this has check trading on fresh westerns. Storage eggs showing more activity and going at higher prices especially on the finer grades. Nearby ordinary receipts 52-54 cents; firsts 45-55 cents; extra firsts 56-58 cents; extras 60-62 cents. Refrigerators: Selected 31-32 cents; firsts 30-31 cents; extra firsts 32-34 cents. Dressed poultry trade continues quiet with prices slightly easier following the Thanksgiving trading. Heavy fowl (4½-5 lbs.) 30-32 cents; medium weight fowl (4-4½ lbs.) 30-33 cents; lighter chickens (3½-4 lbs.) 26-29 cents; Broilers (3 lb. ave.) 33-35 cents. Live poultry continues under fair supplies with prices about unchanged. Fowl 20-26 cents; chickens 26-30 cents; broilers 30-35 cents.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Fairly good demand for cabbage, onions and root vegetables. Deliveries are unsettling

The Cross-Cut

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

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CHAPTER XX

—16—

Quietly, as though nothing had happened, the three men went down the stairs, passed the sleeping night clerk, and headed back to the sheriff's office, where waited Anita and Harry, who had completed his last duties in regard to the chalky-faced Maurice Rodaine. The telephone jangled. It was Denver. Mason talked a moment over the wire, then turned to his fellow officer.

"They've got Barnham. What's more, he had close to a million dollars in currency strapped around him. Guess we'd better stir up some horses now and chase along, hadn't we?"

"Yes, and get a gentle one for me," cautioned Harry.

"That goes for me, too," laughed Fairchild.

"And me—I like automobiles better." Anita was twisting her long hair into a braid, to be once more shoved under her cap. The start was made.

A detour, then the tracks led the way to the Ohadi road, and behind them came the pursuers, heads down against the wind, horses snorting and coughing as they forced their way through the big drifts, each following one another for the protection it afforded. A long, silent, cold-gripped two hours—then finally the lights of Ohadi.

But even then the trail was not difficult. The little town was asleep; hardly a track showed in the streets beyond the hoofprints of a horse leading up the principal thoroughfare and on out to the Georgeville road. Onward until before them was the bleak, rut-ridden old roadhouse which formed Laura's home, and a light was gleaming within.

Silently the pursuers dismounted and started forward, only, to stop short. A scream had come to them, faint in the bluster of the storm, the racking scream of a woman in a tempest of anger. Suddenly the light seemed to loh about in the old house; it showed first at one window—then another—as though some one were running from room to room. Once two gaunt shadows stood forth—of a crouching man and a woman, one hand extended in the air, as she whirled the lamp before her for an instant and brought herself between its rays and those who watched.

Again the chase and then—the scream, louder than ever, accompanied by streaking red flame which spread across the top floor like windblow spray. Shadows weaved before the windows while the house seemed to reach out and enwrap every portion of the upper floor. The staggering figure of a man with the blaze all about him was visible; then a woman who rushed past him, apparently as though blinded, the burning form of the man weaved a moment before the window, clawing in a futile attempt to open it, the flames, which seemed to leap from every portion of his body, enwrapping him. Slowly, a torch-like, stricken thing, he sank out of sight, and as the pursuers outside rushed forward, the figure of a woman appeared on the old veranda, half naked, shrieking, carrying something tightly locked in her arms, and plunged down the steps into the snow.

Fairchild, circling far to one side, caught her, and with all his strength resisted her squirming efforts until Harry and Bardwell had come to his assistance. It was Crazy Laura, the contents of her arms now showing in the light of the flames as they licked every window of the upper portion of the house—five heavy, sheepskin-bound books of the ledger type, wrapped tight in a grasp that not even Harry could loosen.

"Don't take them from me!" the insane woman screamed. "He tried it, didn't he? And where's he now—up there burning! He hit me—and I threw the lamp at him! He wanted my books—he wanted to take them away from me—but I wouldn't let him. And you can't have them—hear me—let go of my arm—let go!"

She bit at them. She twisted and butted them with her gray head. She screamed and squirmed—at last to weaken. Slowly Harry forced her arms aside and took from them the precious contents—whatever they might be. Grimly old Sheriff Mason wrapped her in his coat and led her to a horse, there to force her to mount and ride with him into town. The house —with Squint Rodaine—was gone.

Back in the office of Sheriff Bardwell the books were opened, and Fairchild uttered an exclamation.

"Harry! Didn't she talk about her books at the coroner's inquest? See if there's any entry along early in July—about the date of the inquest."

Bardwell turned the closely written pages. At last he stopped.

"'Testified today at the inquest.' he read. 'I lied. Rondy made me do it. I never saw anybody quarreling. Besides, I did it myself.'"

"What's she mean—did it herself?" the sheriff looked up. "Guess we'll have to go 'way back for that."

"First let's see how accurate the thing is," Fairchild interrupted. "See if there's an item under November 9 of this year."

The sheriff searched, then read:

"I dug a grave tonight. It was not filled. The immortal thing left me. I knew it would. Rondy had come and told me to dig a grave and put it in there. I did. We filled it with quicklime. Then we went upstairs and it was gone. I do not understand it. If Rondy wanted me to kill him, why didn't he say so? I will kill if Rondy will be good to me. I've killed before for him."

"Still referring to somebody she's killed," cut in Anita. "I wonder if it could be possible—"

"I've just thought of the date!" Harry broke in excitedly. "It was along about June 7, 1892. I'm sure it was around there."

The old books were mulled over, one after the other. At last Bardwell leaned forward and pointed to a certain page.

"Here's an item under May 28. It says: 'Rondy has been at me again! He wants me to fix things so that the three men in the Blue Poppy mine will get caught in there by a cave-in.'"

The sheriff looked up. "It's hard to read a little better than the other stuff. It's not so jagged. Don't guess she was as much off her nut then as she is now. Let's see. Where's the place? Oh, yes: 'If I'll help him. I can have half, and we'll live together again, and he'll be good to me and I can have the boy. I know what it's all about. He wants to get the mine without Sissie Larsen having anything to do with it. Sissie has cemented up the hole he drilled into the pay ore and hasn't told Fairchild about it, because he thinks Rondy will go partnerships with him and help him buy in. But Rondy won't do it. He wants that extra money for me. He told me so. Rondy is good to me sometimes. But that's when he wants me to do something. If he'll keep his promise I'll fix the mine so they won't get out.'"

"The poor old soul," there was aching sympathy in Anita Richmond's voice. "I—I can't help it if she was willing to kill people. The poor old thing was crazy."

"Yes, and she's 'ud us bloody near crazy too. Maybe there's another entry."

"I'm coming to it. It's along in June. The date's blurred. Listen: 'I did what Rondy wanted me to. I sneaked into the mine and planted dynamite in the timbers. I wanted to tell Fairchild the child's name, but I couldn't. Fairchild and Larsen were fussing. Fairchild had learned about the hole and wanted to know what Larsen had found. Finally Larsen pulled a gun and shot Fairchild. He fell, and I knew he was dead. Then Larsen bent over him, and when he did I hit him—on the head with a single-jack hammer. Then I set off the charge. Nobody ever will know how it happened unless they find the bullet or the gun. I don't care if they do. Rondy wanted me to do it.'"

Fairchild started to speak, but the sheriff stopped him.

"Wait, here's another item:

"'I failed. I didn't kill either of them. They got out someway and drove out of town tonight. Rondy is mad at me. He won't come near me. And I'm so lonesome for him!'"

"The explanation!" Fairchild almost shouted it as he seized the book and read it again. "Sheriff, I've got to make a confession. My father always thought that he had killed a man. Not that he told me—but I could guess it easily enough, from other things that happened. When he came to, he found a single-jack hammer lying beside him, and Larsen's body across him. Couldn't he naturally believe that he had killed him while in a daze? He was afraid of Rodaine—that Rodaine would get up a lynching party and string him up. Harry here and Mrs. Howard helped him out of town. And this is the explanation!"

Bardwell smiled quizzically.

"It looks like there's going to be a lot of explanations. What time was it when you were trapped in that mine, Harkins?"

"Along about the first of November."

The sheriff turned to the page. It was there—the story of Crazy Laura and her descent into the Blue Poppy mine, and again the charge of dynamite which wrecked the tunnel. With a little sigh, Bardwell closed the book and looked out at the dawn, forcing its way through the blinding snow.

"Yes, I guess we'll find a lot of things in this old book," came at last. "But I think right now that the best thing any of us can find is a little sleep."

Rest—rest for five wearied persons, but the rest of contentment and peace. And late in the afternoon, those of them were gathered in the old-fashioned parlor of Mother Howard's boarding house, waiting for the return of that dignitary from a sudden mission upon which Anita Richmond had sent her, involving a trip to the old Richmond mansion. Harry turned away from his place at the window.

"The district attorney 'ud a long talk with Barnham," he announced, "and 'e's figured out a wye for all the stock'olders in the Silver Queen to get what's coming to them. As it is, they's about a 'unnerd thousand short some'eres."

Fairchild looked up.

"What's the scheme?"

"To call a meeting of the stock'olders and transfer all that money over to a special fund to buy Blue Poppy stock. We'll have to raise money anyway to work the mine like we ought to. And it 'd cost something. You always 'ave to underwrite that sort of thing. I sort of like it, even if we'd 'ave to sell stock a little below par. It'd keep Ohadi from getting a bad name and all that."

"I think so, too." Anita Richmond laughed. "It suits me fine."

Fairchild looked down at her and smiled.

"I guess that's the answer," he said. "Of course that doesn't include the Rodaine stock. In other words, we give a lot of disappointed stockholders par value for about ninety cents on the dollar. But Farrell can look after all that. He's got to have something to keep him busy as attorney for the company."

A step on the vestibule, and Mother Howard entered, a package under her arm, which she placed in Anita's lap. The girl looked up at the man who stood beside her.

"Unbundled!" she said, "that I'd tell you about the Denver road."

He leaned close.

"That isn't all you promised—just before I left you this morning," came his whispered vow. "And Harry, at the window, doubled in laughter.

"Why didn't you speak it all out?" he gurgled. "I 'eard every word."

Anita's eyes snapped.

"Well, I don't guess that's any worse than me standing behind the folding doors listening to you and Mother Howard gushing like a couple of sick doves!"

"That 'olds me," announced Harry. "That 'olds me. I ain't got a word to sye!"

Anita laughed.

"Persons who live in glass houses, you know. But about this explanation. I'm going to ask a hypothetical question. Suppose you and your family were in the clutches of persons who were always trying to get you into a position where you'd be more at their mercy. And suppose an old friend of the family wanted to make the family a present and called up from Denver for you to come on to make a confession. My father always thought that he had killed a man. Not that he told me—but I could guess it easily enough, from other things that happened. When he came to, he found a single-jack hammer lying beside him, and Larsen's body across him. Couldn't he naturally believe that he had killed him while in a daze? He was afraid of Rodaine—that Rodaine would get up a lynching party and string him up. Harry here and Mrs. Howard helped him out of town. And this is the explanation!"

"Run to beat bloody 'ell!" blurted out Harry.

"And that's just what she did," added Fairchild. "I know because I saw her."

Anita was unwrapping the package. "And seeing that I did run," she added with a laugh, "and got away with it, who would like to share in what remains of one beautiful bottle of Manhattan cocktails?"

There was not one dissenting voice!

[THE END]

EARLY SETTLER VERY POMPOUS

Pioneer Colonist In America Seemed to Lack the Saving Sense of Humor.

A persistent respect for the pomps and vanities of feudalism with its distinction of classes and its conventions of respectful observance was held by the early settlers in the American wilderness. They showed a curious lack of a saving sense of humor. When the first settlement at Jamestown was starving, Sir Thomas Gates, on relinquishing his authority, fired a salute from the fort, and made his departure like a king abandoning his realm. De la Warr, arriving a few days later, landed with a flourish of trumpets and a procession, with banners borne before him. When he went to church he was attended by an escort in red cloaks and a guard of 50 men, although there were not more than 200 in the colony.

When the Puritans, a people who were supposed to have laid aside the pomps and vanities, went to church, they were summoned to Captain Standish's door by the roll of a drum. Each man wore a cloak and carried a musket on his shoulder. They fell in three abreast, led by a sergeant, and behind this escort strode Elder Brewster with Captain Standish strutting stiffly at his side, with a sword in scabbard and bearing a cane or wand as an emblem of his authority.

A wide-awake man waits until night for his sleep.—Aesop's Film Fables.

Accessories Are Important;

Juvenile Knitted Apparel

THE art of good dressing is largely a matter of accessories. A costume is made or marred by the little details, the girdle, the collar, the headdress and the like.

To be right up to the Paris mode one ought to have a bit of bandana printed silk somewhere about one's frock, and it is this very gay bandana motif which enhances the girdle of our illustration. Another favorite pastime of Lady Fashion is to fasten everything at the waistline with some sort of a fancy clasp, such as pictured.

Quite the most charming accessory for the evening gown or afternoon

Accessories Make or Mar Costume.

frock is the fanciful ribbon cockade which is pictured. These look what we choose to term "Frenchy." Anyone deft with the needle and given to designing can make them. They are round, or oblong, or diamond shaped plaques, say six inches across, covered with fine wee hand-made roses and crinklings of metal ribbon interspersed with jewels and fancy nail heads in extreme cases of elaboration. Some are ruffled around with narrow valenciennes lace and always streamers of narrow ribbon fall in great number down to the bottom of the dress.

Headdress is also a broad subject

Knitted Wear for Little Tots.

of consideration. One can either make or buy pretty silver and rhinestone effects as above shown.

Is there anything quite so cunning as little tots clad from head to toe in woolly lambkin outfits of cap, cuffies, sweater and mittens? Not only good to look upon, but think of the comfort in such warm protective clothing! It is a wise mother who can taken to dressing her children in knitted wear. Especially is this so, now that knitted outerwear for the plain velvet frock is the fanciful ribbon favorites. Not a detail which adds to attractiveness has been omitted in this desirable knitted boy's suit. There is a white knitted collar with cord and tassels to match the cuffs and the wide knee border, with big pearl buttons, back and front, and this is made to the ears of small boys—there are pockets!

The knitted cap to go with it has a white border which is not only for appearance. It can be pulled down over the ears for protection against Jack Frost.

As for the handsome sweater and cap for little sister, it is of the quality kind. It is an exponent of knitted juvenile outerwear brought to its finest interpretation.

The very wide hip belt at each side is an innovation, and the large crochet buttons impart an effective trimming touch. The large generous tam is in keeping with the knitted coat.

Julia Bottomley

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THE KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

How jolly it is, of a cold winter morning,
To pop out of bed just a bit before dawning,
And thinking the while of your jolly cold bath,
To kindle a flame on your jolly old hearth!
Ah, me! It is merry!
Sing derry-down-derry.

Where now is the lark? I am up before him,
I chuckle with glee at this quaint little whim.
I make up the fire—pray heaven it catches!
But what in the world have they done with the matches?
Ah, me! It is merry!
Sing derry-down-derry.
This is a song that has never been sung—nor ever will be—so the tune is immaterial.—Ralph Bergengren.

MORE CHRISTMAS CAKES

A delicate cake which is more of a confection is:

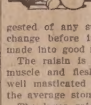
Almond Macaroons.—Take one pound of sweet almonds blanched and pounded until smooth; while pounding add a few drops of rose water to keep the almond mixture smooth; add to the whites of seven eggs beaten until stiff—two pounds of carefully sifted powdered sugar—a little at a time to keep the mixture full of air. Use two tablespoonfuls of rose water for flavoring which includes that used in mixing the almonds. Drop by spoonfuls on a buttered baking-sheet or buttered paper and bake in a moderate oven.

Molasses Drop Cookies.—Take one-half cupful each of sugar, butter, molasses and sour milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, two cupfuls of flour, one-half cupful of raisins, currants, and cinnamon, nutmeg and ginger to taste. Stir up over night and bake the next morning.

Sunshine Gems.—These are good if you can afford the eggs. Separate the yolks and whites of seven eggs. Sift one cupful of granulated sugar, then sift two-thirds of a cupful of pastry flour five times. Beat the white of the eggs until stiff, adding one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar when they are half beaten; now add the yolks which have been thoroughly beaten, mix the sugar, then the flour. Bake in greased gem pans in a quick oven for fifteen to twenty minutes. When cool ice with orange icing.

Common sense teaches that there is no one branch of household art or science in which perfection is not a point forever receding.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

HERE'S A RAISIN



Our dieticians are endeavoring to train us to appreciate and use more raisins as they are so rich in iron and a good heat and energy producer. The grape sugar found in raisins is perhaps the most easily digested of any sugar, requiring little change before it is assimilated and made into good red blood.

The raisin is a good scavenger, a muscle and flesh-producer and when well masticated is easily digested by the average stomach.

The layer raisins are the choicest in the market and many cooks prefer them, seeding them at home rather than to buy the seeded or seedless; however, one may find very good brands of the seeded raisins which have delicious flavor. A handful of raisins added to a fruit salad gives just a touch of flavor that is found in no other fruit. As filling for cake, mixed with nuts or other kinds of fruit such as figs, dates, prunes or the dried apricots and peaches, one may have an endless variety of good things.

Sweet Raisin Bread.—Take one quart of milk, two tablespoonfuls each of lard and sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, the yolks of five eggs, a cake of compressed yeast, two pounds of raisins and one-half ounce of spices; flour to make a mixture to knead. Prepare and bake as usual. When cold cover with a thin coating of powdered sugar and water.

Raisin Confection for the Christmas Box.—Put a pound of raisins through the meat grinder with a cupful of any desired nuts, or a mixture of walnuts, hickory nuts and almonds or pecans, add a pinch of salt, the juice and rind of an orange, or vary with a lemon instead of the orange, then mix until rather stiff with confectioner's sugar. Pack into a waxed paper-lined tin box, press until firm and set away to become hard. When firm cut in slices, dip in fondant or chocolate or wrap in waxed paper and serve plain. Such candy cannot hurt the children and is good for them eaten moderately.

Graham Raisin Bread.—Take a quart of water, two tablespoonfuls each of sugar, lard and molasses, two teaspoonfuls of salt, a cake of compressed yeast, two pounds of raisins, one-half cupful of chopped nuts, equal parts of graham and white flour. Let the dough rise twice, then again, when made into loaves, and bake in a medium hot oven.

Nellie Maxwell

THE SECRET of making good cocoa is in using

BAKER'S COCOA

For its quality is good

The purity, palatability and nutrient characteristics of high grade cocoa beans are retained in Baker's Cocoa owing to the perfection of the processes and machinery peculiar to our methods.

MADE ONLY BY

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free

W.L. DOUGLAS $5 $6 $7 & $8 SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

W. L. Douglas shoes are actually demanded year after year by more people than any other shoe in the world

BECAUSE W. L. Douglas has been making surpassingly good shoes for forty-six years. This experience of nearly half a century in making shoes suitable for Men and Women in all walks of life should mean something to you when you need shoes and are looking for the best shoe value for your money.

W.L. DOUGLAS shoes in style, quality, material and workmanship are better than ever before; only by examining them can you appreciate their superior qualities.

NO MATTER WHERE YOU LIVE shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. If not conveniently to call at one of our 110 stores in the large cities, ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. Protection against unreasonable profits is guaranteed by the name and price stamped on the sole of every pair before the shoes leave the factory. Insist upon substitution. Prices are the same everywhere.

To Merchants: If no dealer in your town has the W. L. Douglas line, write for exclusive agency proposition. W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., 161 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

W. L. Douglas

RADIO

Vario-Couplers, $3.00; Rheostats, 60c and $1.00; Tube Sockets, 25c and 75c; A. F. Transformers, $2.50; R-Batteries, $1.50; 43 pd. Condensers, $3.00; 23 pd. Condensers, $2.75; 11 pd. Condensers, $2.50; Detector Tubes, $3.00 and $4.00; Dials, 3-in., 60c; Amplifying Tubes, $6.75; 2200 ohm Receivers, $5.00. Send for complete radio catalog.

Send Money Order—Write for Literature

RADIO DOG SALES CO.

311 Morton Avenue Dayton, Ohio

New Rugs From Old Carpets

Don't throw away your worn out carpets. Send them to us and let us make them over into serviceable Fluff Rugs. Write today for particulars and prices. Agents wanted.

Springfield Economy Rug Co.

17 Taylor St. Springfield, Mass.

Fortune Box—'Fun for Parties'

Tells future, married, single, with 20 favors. Must see to appreciate. Mail 10 stamps or money order. "FUNMAKERS," Long Beach, New York.

RAW FURS WANTED—Highest market prices. Write for price list. H. S. HOWE, Jr., Box 18, COOPERS MILLS, MAINE.

16799 DIED

in New York City alone from kidney trouble last year. Don't allow yourself to become a victim by neglecting pains and aches. Guard against trouble by taking

LATHROP'S GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Holland's national remedy since 1696. All druggists, three sizes. Guaranteed. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMA COMPOUND

quickly relieves the distressing paroxysms. Used for 40 years and result of long experience in treatment of throat and lung diseases by Dr. J. H. Guild. FREE TRIAL BOX. Treatise on Asthma, its cause, treatment, etc., sent upon request. Sic. and $1.00 at druggists. J. H. GUILD CO., RUPERT, VT.

Cuticura Soap Complexions Are Healthy

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.

NO DYE To restore gray or faded hair to its original color, don't use poisonous dyes. Simply apply Q-Ban Hair Color Restorer—Q-Ban is water—apply it and watch results. At all good druggists, or direct from BESSIC-ELLIS, Chemists, Memphis, Tenn.

Center Sandwich

(Continued From First Page)

who were in Laconia Saturday, saw Santa Claus and received a bag of candy and pop corn from him. He is coming to Sandwich in about two weeks and is going to try and go down ill with a severe cold, is able to be out again.

Mr. George Blanchard of Moultonboro, was in town Sunday, visiting his mother.

Some of the children of Sandwich every chimney in the houses where there are children.

Charles Scriggins is able to be about town again after a very severe fall he had recently.

Dr. Charles has closed his office for the year.

Sandwich

Mr. and Mrs. Stackpole, Mr. Arthur Doe and Miss Elizabeth Doe of Wolfeboro, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George S. Hoyt.

Mrs. Moorhouse of Brookline, is spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Blanchard.

There was an entertainment at the Lower Corner School House on Tuesday. It was given by the pupils under the direction of Supt. Jackson. Mr. Jackson showed stereopticon pictures and Mrs. Frank Smith, a member of the School Board, played a mandolin solo. There was a good attendance and a small fund was started to buy extra things for the good and the use of the school.

There will be quite a little activity around the Corner in the lumber line. Several mills will be operated. Ross Graves is putting in a mill on the Mrs. Aubrey Graves lot. Isaac Moulton is to have a mill on the Jerry Moulton place.

Ross Graves has bought a new Ford car.

Mrs. Aubrey Graves is visiting Mrs. John Harvey.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bickford motored to Ashland and brought her sister, Mrs. Rufus Blake, back with them for a visit.

North Sandwich

Miss Lena Frost and friends from Concord spent the week and with her mother, Mrs. R. B. Frost.

Mr. Howard Stevenson was on the sick list last week.

Miss Claire George has returned from a recent trip to Concord and Portsmouth.

Herbert Perkins and Mrs. Fitts report a fine trip to Canada. No snow up there.

At the Ladies Aid meeting at Mrs. Ansel Lewis, Thursday, articles for the sale were finished and a social time enjoyed. Refreshments of ice cream and cake and tea were served.

North Sandwich friends of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Marston were entertained Saturday evening by some very interesting broadcasts. Havana was heard from, as well as many much nearer stations.

West Sandwich

Wilbur Greene is at Harry Burrows' for the week hunting.

Richard Grey is in North Sandwich helping his grandfather.

Julius Smith, General Smith, with others, were fortunate hunters twice last week. Their first quarry being an eight point buck.

Miss Doughty is helping the school children with the program to be given at the Chapel, December 23rd.

A. M. McDonald and party went bear hunting on Black Mountain last Wednesday; no luck.

J. S. Rogers is installing a Westinghouse radio outfit.

Squam Lake is now completely frozen over.

J. H. Smith has his Ford ready for winter travel with one of the Virgil White outfits.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE
Belknap SS. Court of Probate

To the heirs-at-law and all persons interested in the estate of Sarah E. Bartlett, late of Meredith, in said County, deceased, testate

You are hereby notified that Bertram Blaisdell, executor of said deceased, has filed a petition in the probate office of said County, the original of which may be examined by parties interested therein, praying for license to sell at public auction or private sale certain real estate of said deceased, situate in said Meredith, and for the reasons therein set forth.

You are further notified that said petition will be presented and considered at a Court of Probate to be holden at Laconia, in said County, on the 9th day of January A. D., 1923, at ten of the clock in the forenoon of said day, to show cause if any you have, why the prayer thereof should not be granted.

This notice will be published once each week for three successive weeks in the Meredith News, a newspaper published in Meredith in said County, the last publication whereof to be seven days at least before said day of Court.

Given at Laconia, in said County, this 12th day of December, A. D. 1922.

By order of the Court,
THOMAS C. HILL, Register.
1-3

"Corporations Have No Souls."

This legal maxim was first laid down by Sir Edward Coke in the case of Sutton's hospital. "They (corporations) cannot commit treason nor be outlawed nor excommunicated, for they have no souls." Lord Thurlow subsequently paraphrased this maxim in his own rough way: "You never expected justice from a corporation, did you? They have neither a soul to lose nor a body to kick."

"Ossipee Park" : : A Section Abounding in Scenic Beauty

AWAY above the northeastern shores of Moultonboro Bay, Green Basin and Lee Inlet, a beautiful table-dotted arm of Lake Winnipesaukee that extends nearly ten miles inland from the main body of the lake, on a great plateau, including several lofty peaks of the Ossipee group of mountains, is Ossipee Park, the "great scenic place in the sky," where the present owner, Thomas G. Plant, is expending a goodly portion of his wealth, completing and extending a work started way back in the early 80s by Franklin Shaw, another multi-millionaire, for whom Mount Shaw, the highest mountain peak, is named. The southern and western sections of the "park" are plainly discernible from The Weirs and most other points on the lake and along the south shore.

At present Ossipee Park must be viewed from afar by the multitudes, unless permission to visit the park is secured from Mr. Plant or his agents. The tract is now some ten miles square and is being constantly extended by the acquisition of adjacent farms. Not understanding the present owner's plans, some opposition has been encountered from townspeople who seem possessed of groundless fear that so much of the towns of Moultonboro and Tuftonboro are to be absorbed that their own interests may be jeopardized. But most of the opposition to the commendable scheme of development comes from outside the towns mentioned from the class of people who disregard the laws of decency and good order, as well as property rights, in their travels about the country.

Mr. Plant is really a very public-spirited man, with lofty ideals, as all who know him well can attest, and those who know him best have no doubt that this magnificent section is destined to become one of the finest forest and mountain parks in the whole United States, and that it will be thrown open to the public when the improvements are completed and proper arrangements can be made to safeguard it properly.

Mr. Shaw spent a great deal of money building roads and otherwise developing the property, and during his lifetime and afterward, for about ten years, it was open to the public and was over-run and badly mistreated in consequence. The work now being carried on requires large forces of men, who cannot well be subjected to inconveniences occasioned by visitors; besides, the old roads and pathways are being torn up and rebuilt, making them dangerous passageways at present. If convinced that operations under way will not be interfered with, that it is safe to proceed and that no vandalous acts will be committed, the guardians grant permission to a limited number of visitors to enter and view the natural wonders and improvements in the park.

The average elevation of the plateau is about 1000 feet above sea level and 500 feet above the surface of Lake Winnipesaukee, but Mount Shaw, the loftiest peak in the park, is nearly 3000 feet high, and several lesser peaks are from 2000 to 2500 feet high, so that magnificent views are obtainable in every direction, particularly to the southward, overlooking the great island-dotted lake. The present owner of the property has done much to increase the accessibility of spurs and peaks which formerly could be reached only by the most adventurous. Roads with modern gradients now make it possible to motor, with the permission of the owner, to near the tops of Mount Shaw, Blacksnout, Turtleback, Roberts Peak, Bald Knob and several other elevated points, from which wonderful views can be had.

On the lofty crag where Mr. Shaw's "Crow's Nest" used to be, now looms the castle-like summer residence of Mr. Plant. Below is a great golf course. Farther on is a good-size artificial lake, stocked with rainbow trout, fed by Cold Spring, a remarkable outlet for water gathered on the steep slopes above and caused by gravity to percolate down through the spongy soil. At the spring it seeps through white sand and spurts out in about a dozen places, forming a sizeable young river. The brook from Cold Spring, reinforced by several others, becomes a mountain torrent and flrops through a gorge 500 or 600 feet, in a series of cascades.

One fall in this gorge has a drop of seventy feet and another of fifty feet. Across the ravine, near the latter falls, according to tradition, jumped John Chamberlain, destined later to slay Chief Paugus, in Lovewell's fight with the Indians. He had to leap about fifteen feet. The only one of the pursuing redmen who tried to follow him went to his death on the rocks below. That this locality was once a favorite resort for the Ossipee tribe of Indians is evidenced by the remnants of their campfires and the stone arrowheads and other stone implements once very numerous hereabout.

Tributary to the main stream after it reaches the lower land is a little mountain brook which leads back to a spring rather strongly impregnated with sulphur and iron. About 1880 this sulphur-and-iron spring became quite famous and attracted many people, from near and far, so much so that a large, comfortable farmhouse nearby, was fitted up as a hotel or sanitarium and so conducted for several years. It is said to be good, healthful water, despite its terrible odor, and in connection with the invigorating mountain air is really beneficial.

Old Moultonboro, now partially absorbed by Ossipee Park, taking its name, in 1763, from General Jonathan Moulton of Hampton, its principal grantee, who acquired 80,000 acres in this vicinity) was, a century or so ago, before the railroads reached the Winnipesaukee lake region, a more important town, relatively at least, than it is now. Through it passed a stage-coach line that brought passengers from Portsmouth and beyond, skirted the south side of the lake from Alton Bay to Meredith and extended to Conway and the White Mountains, this being the main route at that time.

Good farms were formerly noticeable everywhere along this much-traveled highway, and in Moultonboro, between Lake Winnipesaukee and Conway, were the splendid farms of the Richardsons, Ambroses, Gilmans, Severances and others. On the present Ossipee Park plateau had settled the Lees, Robertses, Withams and others. Several of these old families are said locally to have been descendants of sailors who fought with Paul Jones on the Bon Homme Richard. Half a dozen families, said to be exiled English aristocrats, formed an isolated and interesting little community by itself.

Among the farms that have become a part of Ossipee Park is the ancient Severance farm, later called the Bradbury Richardson estate, upon which is said to be the oldest farmhouse in the eastern part of the town of Moultonboro, built by Colonel Bradbury Richardson, an associate of General Jonathan Moulton. The descendants of Colonel Richardson were once quite numerous in this vicinity. In 1825 there were fifty pupils in the school district, of whom forty were said to be first cousins, and more than thirty of these bore the name of Richardson. Many tourists whose memory of the region goes back to the 70's will recall the venerable Asa Lee, who was born in this vicinity in 1790, and who was reputed to know everything that had happened hereabouts since the first white man came.

Just what will ultimately become of Ossipee Park and its mountains, now temporarily removed from the map, is a subject of more or less speculation, by town residents and summer visitors alike, but the general opinion is that it will eventually be thrown open as a public park, to serve forever after as a splendid memorial to its present owner.

E. H. WILCOMB.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE
Belknap ss. Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of the estate of Mary M. Elliott, late of Center Harbor in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein:

WHEREAS Bertram Blaisdell, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County, the account of his administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Laconia, in said County, on the 9th day of January next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

Said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by causing the same to be published once each week for three successive weeks in the Meredith News, a newspaper printed at Meredith in said County, the last publication to be at least seven days before said Court.

Given at Laconia, in said County, this 12th day of December, A. D. 1922.

By order of the Court,
Thomas C. Hill,
Register.
4-6

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE
Belknap, ss. Court of Probate

To the heir at law of the estate of Susan H. Emery, late of Center Harbor, in said County, deceased, testate, and to all others interested therein:

WHEREAS Bertram Blaisdell, Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County the account of his administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Laconia, in said County, on the 9th day of January next, to show cause if any you have why the same should not be allowed.

Said Executor is ordered to serve this citation by causing the same to be published once each week for three successive weeks in the Meredith News a newspaper printed at Meredith, in said County, the last publication to be at least seven days before said Court.

Given at Laconia, in said County, this 12th day of December, A. D. 1922.

By order of the Court,
THOMAS C. HILL,
Register.

Making Ourselves Masters of Our Own Industry

Co-operative marketing is going to make some mistakes. It will not do everything we wish it to do. It will adopt some policies which some of us as individuals will think objectionable short of what we had expected, we can take the matter of correction and adjustment in our own hands. In the other cases we are helpless.

Let us keep emphasizing the fact that we are simply in a fight to "make ourselves masters of our own industry." That is the real meaning of co-operative marketing. All the falsehoods, sophistries, misrepresentations and special pleadings of the opposition cannot blind any sensible man to this fact.

With co-operative marketing the farmer takes charge of and controls the sale and distribution of the products made in the sweat of his own brow. Without co-operative marketing.

But let us ask ourselves: "Did not the old system of selling also make mistakes? Did it not also fail to do all that we wished it to do? Did it not also adopt objectionable policies?" The difference is that when co-operative marketing makes a mistake, adopts an objectionable policy, or fails ng he does not control the sale or distribution. With co-operative marketing the selling agents are employed by us, responsible to us, and must work for our interests. Without co-operative marketing they are not employed by us, are not responsible to us, and will work for their own interests.

Whenever anybody makes an argument against co-operative marketing in your presence, always bring him back to this fundamental consideration. Ask him whether the farmer should really control the selling of his own products. Ask him whether our selling agents should be under the control of the farmer or not—answering yes or no. If he tries to dodge by talking about possible blunders that may be made, make him admit that he is insulting farmers by insinuating that they haven't intelligence enough to run their own business through experts selected by them and responsible to them.

Historic Date.

On June 2, 1875, while experimenting on his harmonic telegraph, Alexander Graham Bell made the discovery that led to the construction of the first telephone.

A QUESTION AND ITS ANSWER

What shall I do

with my unregistered

WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Redeemable on and after January 1

Simply bring them to any Savings Bank or Trust Company in the State. They will have them redeemed for you on January first and will pay you cash or you can lay the foundation for your 1923 savings account by leaving it with the bank.

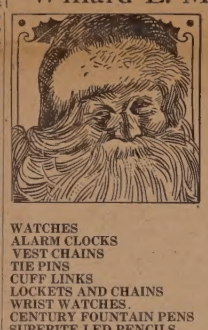
Your Savings Bank is your friend and is ready and anxious to serve you.

DEPOSITS DRAW INTEREST FROM JANUARY FIRST

NEW HAMPSHIRE SAVINGS BANKS AND TRUST COMPANIES

2

Willard E. Morse, Jeweler Has a Fine Line of



WATCHES
ALARM CLOCKS
VEST CHAINS
TIE PINS
CUFF LINKS
LOCKETS AND CHAINS
WRIST WATCHES
CENTURY FOUNTAIN PENS
SUPERITE LED PENCILS
PARLOR CLOCKS
CUT GLASS
GOLDAMAR CHAINS
BROOCH PINS
NECK CHAINS
LADIES AND GENTS RINGS
BRACELETS
WEDDING RING

Also a nice line of Rogers and Community Silverware
Optical Goods, etc.

New Store, 2 Lake Street, Meredith

Gratifying Progress Noted at the North Church, Meredith

According to the architect's drawing which is reproduced herewith, the North Church has yet something to do before its buildings and surroundings look exactly as was planned. It is so with the program of life and effort with which the leaders of the Church address their work. This article will report some of the features of recent progress.

To be a "Community Church" in the sense of monopolizing the field of Christian activity in Meredith, is far from the ambition of North Church, but it does seek to view all its work with a "community consciousness and spirit. The effort is, without overlapping, to interpret the Gospel of Christ in terms of activity which will minister to the community or inspire a ministry to the community along lines of outstanding and otherwise neglected opportunities.

In the name of Him "who went about doing good," the Minister of North Church would lend himself to any good work which may be commended to his attention and he applies the test of "service" to every plan of work which may be suggested.

North Church is in the best sense a growing Church. In numbers both of members and of families ministered to, there is, year by year a hopeful increase. The benevolences of the Church have greatly increased in recent years in amount given and in scope of effort. The big thing in the program of the Church, however, is Religious Education.

Always forward-looking in this important matter the church has done a fine work for years before the present plans were considered. The present superintendent, Mrs. Annie L. Guptill, entered into the labors of very competent predecessors and she brings to the task the training and experience of a specialist. That she is winning a response which is full of promise, is the most encouraging aspect of the progress at the North Church.

The Pastor is recognized as a part of the work and his sermons and leadership are subjected to the test of Religious Education. The Church School is not looked upon as an auxiliary organization, but as a function of the church and is under the direction of a committee which bears the same relation to the educational activities of the church as the School Board does to the schools of the town.

The policy of education in the Church is fixed at the meeting of this committee except for the adult classes. All officers are chosen by the committee and all plans are supposed to originate there. Results which would not have been thought possible years ago, are being achieved. The organization is being perfected. The personnel of workers has been developed until there is a corps of principals, teachers and officers, which for loyalty, devotion, intelligence and efficiency it is difficult to match in any community the size of Meredith.

There remains much to be done in curriculum, equipment and other phases of development, but those who are acquainted with the achievements of the last few months see a program which is notable indeed. Plans for Christmas time are already on foot and schemes for further advancing the work in all lines are being worked out which insure still greater progress.

AT THE

THE PHILBROOK STORE
MEREDITH

on the busy corner

A New Line of
ALUMINUM WARE, STONEWARE
and FLOWER POTS

Look Them Over

KISSES, the good kind, ... 20c lb.
MIXED NUTS, this year's crop . .25c lb.
WALNUTS, this year's crop ... 35c lb.

ONLY 4 MORE WEEKS TO CHRISTMAS

Time to look around while the assortment is complete. We have lots of nice gifts to select from, suitable for all.

THE NEWS

Meredith and Sandwich Editions

W. T. & CHARLOTTE LANCE
PUBLISHERS

Entered at the Post Office, Meredith, N. H., as Second-class Matter

$1.50 PER YEAR.

Published on Wednesday of each week

Paid strictly in advance,	$1.50
Six months,	.75
Three months,	.40

ADVERTISING RATES

Transient, 25 to 35c. per inch, according to position.
Political advertising, 50c, per inch.
Special Contract Rates to regular advertisers.

MEREDITH

The Pinnacle will soon make its appearance.

Postmaster Russell of Center Sandwich was one of the callers at the News office Saturday.

The News has quite a number of extra copies of this issue. Telephone or write and we will reserve the number you ask for as long as they last.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bacon, recently of Center Harbor, have leased the Ambrose tenement on Waukewan St.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Channing Mansfield have gone to Concord, N. H., where they plan to spend the winter months.

Mr. Dearborn Caverly went to Boston last Wednesday, where with Mrs. Caverly, he is spending a few days with relatives.

The ladies of the North Church will hold a Food Sale Thursday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock in the vestry. A good chance to buy your Christmas pudding all made. There will also be a few useful articles to sell at a reasonable price. Pure Rubber Aprons will be exhibited and orders taken. A few Rugs to be sold at any reasonable offer

Our people are warned to see that their chimneys are cleaned as chimney fires are becoming numerous and danger is bound to ensue if these fires come at night. Just as an instance of one day's fires. One afternoon last week a detail consisting of Chas. A. Weeks, C. C. Bickford, and Frank Downing went over to Meredith Center in answer to a call at the home of Almon Ricker. Returning to the village some of them were just in time to go to the home of Mrs. A. P. Adams, Massachusetts avenue, and just a little later responded to a call from one of the Ambrose tenements occupied by the Clapper family. This is just one day's work, and there are many calls of this nature.

Alfred Boardman has gone to Jacksonville, Florida, for the winter.

Handkerchiefs, Handkerchiefs, Handkerchiefs. Where? At the Sunshine Store. Price? 5 to 50 cents.

H. C. Woolley is in charge of extensive pruning on the Baird estate at Conway Center.

The News has quite a number of extra copies of this issue. Telephone or write and we will reserve the number you ask for as long as they last.

Mrs. E. Carl Mansfield and daughter Mary have closed their home on Red Gate Lane and gone to Claremont for the winter, to be with Mr. Mansfield.

A trustworthy, capable woman to do housework in family of five wanted. House has six rooms, furnace heat, electric lights. A steady position with good wages to the right party. Apply to Mrs. F. B. Straw, Beebe River, N. H., or phone Plymouth 27-3.

During the absence of Mr. Mansfield we will take charge of the International Tailoring line, Lane's developing and printing and Thibauts wall paper line. Orders for developing will be taken at our store. Samples of International Clothing Co. and Thibauts wall paper will be shown at the office over Post Office. Philbrook Stores.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Follett of Meredith Neck, recently celebrated very quietly their 42nd wedding anniversary, with only members of the family with them. The Folletts have one of the most beautiful places on Meredith Neck, are much interested in Meredith, and Meredith people, and have made many friends here who look upon them as belonging to Ourtown.

The Christmas stamps for the prevention of tuberculosis have been sent out by Mrs. Ballard and other members of the committee, to over 100 of our people. Some have sent back the money, but not quite half of those sent to have been heard from. A stamped, self-addressed envelope was sent with all these stamps and it is of great importance that they be returned promptly or the money sent in for them. This is a worthy objective, money could hardly be used to better advantage than in fighting disease and one dollar will buy 100 of the stamps and help along the work. So please send the money for your stamps to Mrs. W. W. Ballard, and do it NOW.

If you want Wilson's work in photography leave your order at your drug store. 51tf

Contracts have been let for the dam, machinery, and transmission lines of the Utilities Power Company. These contracts all carry a clause guaranteeing completion of plant not later than July 1923. Contractors for the dam are the Ambursen Construction Company, Inc., Grand Central Terminal, New Yory City; for turbines, the S. Morgan Smith Company, York, Pa.; for generators, the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburg, Pa.; for transmission and electric construction, the H. B. Rust Company, Providence, R. I. Poles and towers used will be of the expanded steel type, manufactured by the Bates Steel Pole Company, Chicago, Ill.

North Church

Quite a goodly number of our people attended service at the Baptist Church Sunday morning in the absence of our Pastor in Concord, and listened to a fine sermon on "The Story of Jesus as Told by Himself."

Plans for a Christmas tree and party for the children are under way, and also for a Cantata, to be given Sunday evening, December 24th, by a chorus of twenty voices.

After the Food Sale Thursday afternoon, at the Vestry, the regular business meeting of the Ladies Aid will be held. There is much of interest to talk about and the ladies are hoping for a good attendance.

We had a fine service Sunday evening under the leadership of Mrs. Guptill. The theme was emphasizing the good that is all about us and a number of folks took part. There was a good attendance of young people.

The Pastor's topic next Sunday will be "Faith's Opportunity." He will speak to older folks, but his message will be for All Folks.

GUEST NIGHT

At The Woman's Progress Club

The Woman's Progress Club observed the Annual Guest Night last Tuesday evening in the Town Hall.

The weather was not all that might have been desired, and the reporter felt there might not be many who would venture out, but on the contrary the hall was well filled. One would hardly have recognized the place on this festive occasion, for the stage and the front of the hall were filled with pine and evergreen, and poinsett added its scarlet glow to the deep green of the branches. An electric floor lamp stood beside the piano and after counting several times, we decided there were thirty-four small tables scattered about, cabaret style, with snowy covers and bunches of green with red berries at each table. Some of the tables seated six, some four, three and some were for two people. Here the guests were served by the ushers and here they enjoyed the very pleasing entertainment given for their pleasure.

Mrs. Emma Ballard, president of the Club welcomed the guests in behalf of the members, and an orchestra consisting of the Misses Katherine Gordon and Lillian Boynton, piano, Miss Cox, Miss Meader and Mr. Donnelly, violins, gave the opening number on the program. A seven reel moving picture, "The Ruling Passion," was shown. This was one of the best pictures we have seen in a long while. Mrs. F. S. Coats sang twice, and although she was suffering with a severe cold, her beautiful voice was enjoyed very much. Her first group of negro melodies was particularly effective. Miss Mary Cox rendered a violin solo, and Mr. and Mrs. Parker played several piano duets.

Creamed chicken on crackers, stuffed dates, cream walnuts, cake and hot coffee were served by a bevy of pretty waitresses. This closed one of the most successful and charming Guest Nights the Club has ever given. The Board of Directors, Mrs. Martha Beede, Mrs. Bertha Hughes and Mrs. Lottie Emery had the entertainment of the evening in charge, and Mrs. Augusta Heath, Mrs. Julia Philbrook, Mrs. Bertha Hughes and Mrs. Norma Prescott had charge of the decorations.

Mrs. Caroline Kirby of Lynn, Mass., has been stopping with her mother, Mrs. Almira Fernald, for a short time.

Harold Davis was among the fortunate hunters for he recently shot a deer weighing 150 pounds.

Miss Ella Keyser, who has been quite ill with throat trouble, is on the gain.

Mrs Melvin Kimball will have a Christmas Sale at her home on Stevens Avenue, Friday, December 15th, from 2 until 9 P. M. There will be hand painted china, crochet yokes, center pieces, domestic and foreign embroideries, a few pieces of china and many other things suitable for Christmas Gifts. Please remember the date, Friday, December 15th. 2-4pd

The boys who attended the Boys Conference at Concord will bring their report at a Community meeting at the Brick Church next Sunday evening, at seven o'clock. There were fifteen boys at Concord from Meredith and they bring an interesting and inspiring report. They deserve a full church for their meeting.

Mrs. Helen Livingston, who is trying for one of the big prizes in the Manchester Union circulation contest, led the entire state on Monday with over a half million votes. A near competitor was Mrs. J. I. Towle (until recently Miss Abbie Perkins) of Center Harbor. The many friends of these two well known young women are hustling to get them votes.

Miss Evelyn Downing returned the middle of the week from Framingham, Mass., where she has been visiting friends. Miss Downing took in several foot ball games while away, including the Harvard-Yale game at New Haven.

WEAK WEARY WOMEN

Learn the Cause of Daily Woes and End Them

When the back aches and throbs,
When housework is torture,
When night brings no rest nor sleep,
When urinary disorders set in,
Women's lot is a weary one.
Doan's Kidney Pills are for weak kidneys.

Have proved their worth in Meredith. Ask your neighbor.

This is one Meredith woman's testimony.

Mrs. Homer Eryou, Winnipesaukee Ave., says: "I was in pretty bad shape with kidney ailment. My kidneys were out of condition and I was generally run down. My back ached and pained day in and day out. It I bent over I had to take hold of something in order to straighten up. My kidneys didn't act right and I was dizzy and felt languid. Hearing about Doan's Kidney Pills, I got some at Prescott's Drug Store. They soon cured me of the trouble entirely."

Price 60c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Eryou had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Danny Dion is planning to spend New Year's in Quebec.

Born, December 1st, to Marvin and Anna Blake, a son, Frank Luther.

Irving Cowing went to Concord Saturday, in the interests of the local members of the Elks.

Newell Nutting, attorney-at-law, has recently made a business trip to Newport.

Granny Eaton, who has been ill, is up and around the house again. She was 90 years old last week.

A 10 pound son was recently born to Mr. and Mrs. Bailey at Lincoln, N. H. Mrs. Bailey will be remembered as Miss Grace Hanscom who taught school here a few years ago.

The meeting of the W. C. T. U. slated for last week, was postponed until Friday of this week, and will be held at the home of Mrs. Lottie Emery at 2.30 in the afternoon.

Saturday is Tag Day for Christmas Seals. Do your part in assisting the work of stopping this dread disease.

Mr. Collins is the name of the new clerk at the Sanborn Drug Store and he comes from Vermont.

Charles A. Weeks is having the time of his life with his radio outfit, which he erected jointly with Lawrence Wilkins. Sunday night he caught a concert from Davenport, Ohio, one thousand miles away, and they hear the music the millionaires are enjoying every night, almost, from Pittsburg.

Arthur Mead of Meredith Neck is taking a week's vacation out of town.

F. A. Mead, who is slowly recovering from a serious surgical operation, and is under the care of a trained nurse, had a relapse one night recently, but is improving now.

On December 8th, Wilbur Emery took the remains of Alonzo W. Stanley to Providence, R. I., for burial.

Gray Silver Speaks to Rotarians

Honorable Gray Silver, the Representative of the American Farm Bureau Federation, while in New Hampshire spoke at a luncheon of the Rotary Club in Manchester, where he was very cordially received by one of the largest groups in attendance at Rotary meetings during the present year. Mr. Silver spoke on the "Needs of an Organization Among Farmers," and briefly on why the Farm Bloc was organized, and gave some of the accomplishments of the Bloc and outlined some of the measures they have in mind. Many of the business men of the state have received an erroneous idea of the object and work of the Farm Bloc, due to certain propaganda that has been circulated about the state by some politicians, but after hearing Mr. Silver's explanation little doubt can be left in anyone's mind as to the real purpose the Bloc plays in politics.

Putnam at Milk Pool Committee Meeting

President G. M. Putnam of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation, was in attendance at the recent meeting of the New England Milk Pool Committee which met at Springfield during the National Milk Producers' meeting. The committee's report was accepted, and plans are being made to carry out the plans of the report in the near future.

The railroads should not feel that they are bearing the full brunt of the farmer's reaction to the economic crisis, but only their proportionate share, declares Transportation Director C. B. Hutchins for the Farm Bureau. "The expenditures of the American Farm Bureau Federation indicate very clearly that the farmers consider the level of freight rates as one, but only one of their difficulties," says Mr. Hutchins. "Of the total expense of maintaining the national organization the Transportation Department is spending less than 4 1-2 per cent."

The
WRITE TWINS
make a royal gift
They match in quality and design. Nestled together in a neat velvet-lined box they are most beautiful as well as useful, and entirely personal. If you have already given some one an Eversharp or a Wahl Pen, complete the double gift. Many styles and sizes for selection—for pocket, for purse and for chain or ribbon. Our suggestions are at your service.
EVERSHARP
Write-hand Companions
WAHL
PEN
Only Pen with all metal barrel

REXALL DRUG STORE, Dealers
GEORGE F. SANBORN & SON

Going Out of Business Has been Slightly Delayed! **Why?**

My Silent (?) Partner not Wishing to Move During the winter has ordered more goods. Including more of those Leather Boston Bags at $1.62 each, 18 inch genuine Cowhide Bage at $10, $15, $20 each. The latter bags make nice Christmas presents and will be sold until after Christmas at 10 p. c. discount.

We still have a large stock of Blankets. Stable Blankets, $1.50 to $4.00. Street Blankets, $3.00 to $10.00.
Fur Coats at $35.00 to $40.00.
Good Heavy Work Coats for $4.00 and $6.00.
More of those Grain Leather Bags $3.00 each.
1 Woven Bear Coat, $20.00.
Suit Cases from $1.00 to Good Cowhide Cases for $11.00
School Bags, 95c while they last.
Lot of Boys' and Men's Mackinaws from $6.00 to $10.00.
1 pr 2nd hand Team Harness $35.00 1 pr 2nd hand Farm Harness $20.00. 1 2nd hand Buggy Harness $8.00. Another for $10.00.
New Harness of all kinds at prices which are right.
Trunks of all kinds, including Wardrobe and Steamer.

We have reduced our stock over $1000 during November, and aim to do better in December. I have an 8 hour job in mind as soon as we are sold out.

S. M. ESTES, MEREDITH, N. H.

PREMIER THEATRE

NEXT SATURDAY, Dec. 16, With Matinee 3 P. M.
SPECIAL SUPER PRODUCTION
ANITA STEWART
IN
"HARRIET AND THE PIPER"
A Comedy-drama that has not been surpassed on the screen, one of the most stirring and fascinating entertainments ever produced in pictures.
ADDED ATTRACTION—HAROLD LLOYD in a special two-reel Comedy, "Bumping Into Broadway." Full of action and laughs.

NEXT WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, AT 8 P. M.
"ANNE OF LITTLE SMOKY"
A Western story of conflict, romance and thrills. A stirring, red-blooded drame of mountain folk, who resent the coming of the Law. It pulsates with vigorous action, strong loves, intense hate and spectacular stunts.

Lloyd Comedy and Fox News

The CHRISTMAS STORE
PRACTICAL GIFTS for all.
A complete line of the "Samuel Ward" Christmas Stationery.
From 25c. a box up.
THE STORE OF SMILES
WILKINS
HAWKINS' BLOCK, MEREDITH

As it is late in the season
I will be in my store only
AFTERNOONS
from now until further notice.
I Have Very
ATTRACTIVE PRICES
on a few HATS of late model

SHAMPOOING and SCALP Treatment by Appointment
ORDERS TAKEN FOR
PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS
Mrs. Emily A. Brown
Water Street, Meredith

THE SUNSHINE STORE
is just the place
to buy your
CHRISTMAS GIFTS
A large variety of
HAND MADE APRONS
CAMISOLES
and all kinds of useful articles
And the prices
are within the
reach of all
Call and see for yourself
Glendora M. Wheeler
Opposite Robert's Market
Meredith

Expert Pruning
All Fruits and Grapes
AND SHRUBS
Gypsy Moth Work
Tree Surgery
Old Orchard Renovation
All Forms of Grafting
Spraying in Season
Horticultural Advice
It is not too early to place your order for spring delivery of
FRUIT TREES, SHRUBS, BERRY PLANTS, ROSES and OTHER ORNAMENTALS
I can quote you attractively from new catalogs and price list. : : :
H. C. WOOLLEY
(Ten Years' Experience)
P. O. Box 308
Meredith, N. H., Center Harbor Road

Read the News Want Ads

CHICKENS, DUCKS
TURKEYS
Cranberries, Raisins
FRUIT
Everything Nice for the Christmas Dinner
Charles N. Roberts

Advent Christian Church

MEREDITH, N. H.
Sunday Service
10.45 to 12.00—Preaching.
12.00 to 1.00—Sunday School.
6.30 p. m.—Loyal Workers Service.
7.00 p. m.—Song Service and Preaching.
THURSDAY—7.30 p. m., Midweek Prayer Service.

REV. J. CLINTON LIBBY
Pastor

HOUSEHOLD GOODS FOR SALE—Apply 43 Main Street. 2-4pd

FOR SALE—Good Farm, 100 acres field, pasture, wood and growing timber. New barn, no house. Also ten head of cattle and one driving horse. Mrs. Sarah J. Livingston. 2tf

FOR SALE—Dry Hard Wood. Apply to J. F. Beede, or see Edmund Quimby at the Jacobs store. 3tf

FOR SALE—House on Highland St. M. C. PIPER, 9 Highland St., Meredith.

WANTED—A trustworthy, capable woman to do housework in a family of five. House has 6 rooms, furnace heat, electric lights. A steady position with good wages to the right party. Apply to Mrs. F. B. Straw, Beebe River, N. H., or phone Plymouth 27-3. 4-5

FOR SALE—Some 4 weeks' old pigs F. A. Mead, Meredith Neck. 3

LOST—Chopping Ax and handle, near Beede's store. Please return to M. C. Piper, 9 Highland street. 4pd

TO LET—Furnished tenement. Price reasonable. Mrs. S. M. Willey, Waukewan street. 4-5

FOR SALE

One pair of Whiteheads, 6 years old, Hereford, seven and a half feet, ox handy.
One pair of Whiteheads 4 years old Hereford, six feet and nine inches, ox handy.
One pair of Whiteheads, Hereford, 4 years old, seven feet.
One pair of Whiteheads, Hereford, One four years old, six feet and nine inches, partly handy.
One Whitehead, Hereford, two years old, four foot ten inches.
Twenty-three sheep.
My reason for selling this stock is that I am not able to take care of them.
F. A. BRYER Sandwich, N. H. 3-5

CHAIRS SEATED—Cane, Rush, flat and oval reed. Charles Hewitt, Red Gate Lane, Meredith. 1tf

WANTED—Cleaning to do by the hour. Annie Collins, Plymouth St., Telephone 55-4. 1-4p

WANTED—Position as housekeeper. Mrs. Clara H. Morrison, at the home of George Chase, Meredith. 3-4p

WANTED— Middle-aged woman to help with general housework and cooking at good farm house. Apply to The News.

WANTED—Comforters to tie or plain sewing to do by the Woman's Missionary Society of the Advent Church. See Mrs. Libby. 50tf

WANTED—Men or women to take orders for genuine guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Eliminates darning. Salary $30 a week full time. $1.00 an hour spare time. Experience unnecessary. International Stocking Mills, Morristown, Pa. 50-7

FOR SALE—A practically new sleigh. Inquire of Mrs. Flora Fogg, Meredith Neck. Tel. 17-6. 50tf

FOR SALE—Slide Trombone, with case. Price $25. M. W. Bickford, Center Harbor. 1-3p

NOTICE

PICK UP YOUR RAGS, PAPERS, MAGAZINES, ETC.,
—FOR—
H. POLSKY, JUNK DEALER
Also will buy second hand furniture.
DROP ME A LINE AND I WILL CALL
BOX 11, MEREDITH, N. H. 46

CHRISTMAS SALE

I have moved my stock from the store formerly occupied by Mabel Sanborn Boyd, to my residence at
37 MAIN STREET
I will be glad to show you my Goods at any time, day or evening.
I have many useful and pretty
GIFTS FOR BABIES AND GROWNUPS
all at a very reasonable price. It is not too late now to embroider a Christmas Gift which is always sure to please.
ROYAL SOCIETY STAMPED
Goods, and Threads to complete
Clark's and Silkene Crochet Cotton 10c
S. & P. Coats Crochet Cotton 15c
MABELLE F. ENNIS

Money advanced to aid in purchase of Automobiles and Trucks. Address Box 18, Laconia, N. H.

FOR SALE—A fine Vermont farm. Good house, large barn, farm keeps 30 head of cattle, big sugar orchard, running water, rolling land, great for grazing. 29 acres of woodland, 60 acres under tillage; total acreage 150. Terms. Apply to W. T. Lance

Christmas Facts and Fancies

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN

THREE WISE MEN, as everyone knows, paid homage to Jesus at his birth. Their story is told in part thus in the Gospel according to St. Matthew:

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the King, behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem.

Saying, where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him.

When Herod the King had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea, for thus it is written by the prophet,

And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judea, are not the least among the princes of Judea; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

When they had heard the king, they departed, and, lo, the star, which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshiped him: and when they had opened their treasure, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense and myrrh.

And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

These Three Wise Men were named Melchior, Kaspar and Balthazar. They are sometimes called the "Three Kings of Cologne." Their bones are said to rest in the cathedral of Cologne. This is the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in Europe and its building took more than 600 years—1248 to 1880. Anyway, skulls purporting to be theirs were exhibited as late as the Eighteenth century. To touch them was to be healed. An old prayer charm reads:

To three holy kings,
Kaspar, Melchior and Balthazar,
Pray for us now
And in the hour of death.

Early tradition supplemented this account by adding a fourth wise man. And the story of this fourth wise man is one for us all to keep in mind at Christmas time.

This fourth wise man started with the other three to make the journey to Jerusalem and pay homage to the newborn King. But he never reached the manger where lay the child. Instead he sacrificed his life to render service. Nevertheless, before he died he was granted a vision of the Christ. Henry Van Dyke's "The Story of the Other Wise Man" tells the tradition most excellently well:

Detained by his efforts to save a dying stranger, Artaban becomes separated from his companions. He, therefore, seeks the Christ alone, traveling from place to place, feeding the hungry as he goes, clothing the naked, nursing the sick, comforting the oppressed.

One after another he spends for others the precious gifts which he had hoped to offer to the Christ. At last he surrenders his one remaining pearl in order to ransom a tormented slave girl.

Struck on the temple by a falling tile, he lies bleeding and breathless. But he hears a Voice commending him.

Unable to believe the testimony of his own ears, the Other Wise Man murmurs:

"Nay so, my Lord! For when saw I Thee an hungered and fed Thee? Or thirsty, and gave Thee drink? When saw I Thee a stranger, and took Thee in? Or naked, and clothed Thee? When saw I Thee sick and in prison and came unto Thee? Three-and-thirty years have I looked after Thee; but I have never seen Thy face, nor ministered to Thee my King."

But the Voice replies:

"Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, thou hast done it unto me."

It is hard to imagine the Fourth Wise Man reappearing on earth at Christmas time with a message to all mankind? Certainly he has a message well worth delivering. And certainly it is a message well worth listening to. For from his experience he could say to us:

"You have served God only as you have served men."

The Christian citizen should be serving God in relation to his home, his community and his nation. There are those who are serving God by trying to improve the conditions under which their less privileged fellows live and work, by trying to bring more of justice, beauty, peace and love into the life of the world. It is to be feared that most of us fall far short here. But he is a poor Christian and a poor citizen indeed who, having, can pass Christmas without doing something in keeping with the day for those who have not.

Everywhere in our modern Twentieth century life we meet the very people whom Jesus painted in living words 2,000 years ago—the prodigal son, who "came to himself"; the elder brother, who "was angry and would not go in"; the priest and the Levite, who "passed by on the other side"; the good Samaritan, who "was moved with compassion"; the Pharisee, who thanked God that he was "not as other men are"; the publican, who cried "God be merciful unto me, a sinner!"

At Christmas time, if at no other, it is well for us to be the publican and the good Samaritan.

* * * * * * *

Without Christmas tree, holly and mistletoe Christmas would seem strange indeed to most Americans. The balsam fir is most used for Christmas trees, but doubtless almost any kind of evergreen can be used in an emergency. And some of the municipal and community center Christmas trees nowadays are of great size, especially when they are set up outdoors.

The photograph of the Christmas tree reproduced herewith is worth studying as something quite out of the ordinary in several respects. In the first place, in the original photograph three separate exposures of the plate were made—the first for the building and its lights; the second for the Christmas tree and its lights, and the third for the moon. Each exposure varied in length to suit the different degrees of brilliance.

And where do you suppose this unusual photograph was taken? Why, at the annual Christmas celebration in Yosemite valley, Yosemite National park, California. Most people think that all the national parks are closed in the winter time. Well, they are not. Rocky Mountain National park in Colorado has a carnival of winter sports in February. Mount Rainier National park in Washington has winter sports and a ski tournament as late as July. And Yosemite is open the year 'round. And Yosemite's Christmas celebration includes a fat, jolly, fur-clad Santa Claus who drives up in the old-fashioned way in his sleigh and distributes his gifts to the village children.

But that isn't all about this unusual picture. What kind of a tree do you suppose the Christmas tree is? You could not guess if your Christmas gift depended upon your guess. That's because it is the only one of its kind in the whole world.

This Christmas tree is nothing less than a living Sequoia tree. The Sequoia (Sequoia gigantea) is the oldest and biggest living thing in the world. Some of the biggest and oldest of them are 35 feet in diameter and at least 5,000 years old. So you see many of these Big Trees in Sequoia and Yosemite national parks were not even middle-aged when Christ was born in Bethlehem.

This particular Sequoia Christmas tree was planted in 1890. From a seedling it has grown to a height of more than 60 feet. A thousand years from now it will probably be nearly 300 feet tall and have a diameter of 15 or 20 feet.

One wonders if there will be a similar Christmas celebration in Yosemite valley then—a thousand years from now. Why not? Christmas will still be celebrated then—if the world endures. And our nineteen national parks have been set apart by congress as public playgrounds for the people forever. So, if the United States of America endures, why not a Christmas celebration in Yosemite A. D. 2922? All that seems to be necessary is the planting of a Sequoia seedling every thirty years or so.

* * * * * * *

Christmas and mince pie! Nobody ought to have to tell anybody that Christmas is the time for mince pie. Why, the two go together—just like Thanksgiving and pumpkin pie and the Fourth of July and spring lamb and green peas. The first mince pie of the winter should grace the Christmas board; any housewife who gives her family even a taste of one before Christmas day should go with out a new Easter hat—that's the punishment to fit the crime. And any man who eats mince pie at a restaurant or at his club before Christmas day should go without mince pie all winter.

However, if he should, his punishment would likely fit the crime. For nowadays the making of mince pies is largely a lost art. The ordinary restaurant mince pie is nothing but minced fruit.

There is a saying that every really good woman cook must have a temper. Maybe. Certainly she should be nice and plump—as if she ate her own mince pies and thrived on them. And it's easy to tell by watching a woman make mince pies whether or not they're going to be a success. If she goes at it, you know, as if it were sort of a religious rite—as if the fate of the nation hung on her work—why, all is well.

"Pies like mother used to make!" Tenderloin of beef and Northern Spy apples and real cider and everything else to correspond! Maybe mother used to bake her pies a dozen at a time and set them away in a cold store room to freeze. Maybe mother got her mince meat ready and set it aside in a big stone jar to ripen. It doesn't make any difference. They were real mince pies when they got to the Christmas dinner. The looks of them! The smell of them! The taste of them! Yum, yum! There's a memory a fellow can carry with him to his grave.

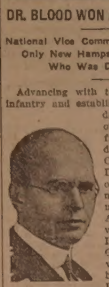
Do you remember Izaak Walton's friend Dr. Bottler and his famous appreciation of the strawberry? Well, it's quite evident the good doctor never sat down to just the right kind of a Christmas dinner or he would have ignored the strawberry as unworthy of his cleverness and would have said instead that doubtless God could have inspired some heaven-born cook to make a more appropriate dessert for December 25 than mince pie but that doubtless God never did.

The American Legion

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

DR. BLOOD WON ARMY HONORS

National Vice Commander of Legion, Only New Hampshire Physician Who Was Decorated.



Dr. R. O. Blood.

Advancing with the first wave of infantry and establishing his first-aid dressing station only a few steps from the fallen doughboys at Chateau-Thierry, Dr. Robert O. Blood of Concord, N. H., national vice commander of the American Legion, was awarded the D. S. C. Croix de Guerre and a divisional citation for bravery. Dr. Blood is the only New Hampshire doughboys at physician who was decorated. He rose from first lieutenant to major during his World war service.

Pinced on active service August 7, 1918, Dr. Blood sailed for France in September with the One Hundred Fourth Field hospital attached to the Twenty-sixth division. He was transferred to the One Hundred Third Machine Gun battalion and later to the One Hundred Third Infantry, serving on the Chemin des Dames with the latter organization early in 1918. As battalion medical officer, Dr. Blood was with the One Hundred Third infantry when it drove the Germans from Belleau Woods to Trugny.

Later Dr. Blood was sent to Base Hospital No. 9 at Chatereaux, to the American Red Cross Military hospital at Paris, and then returned to the Twenty-sixth division near Verdun, acting as divisional orthopedic surgeon.

Dr. Blood organized the Concord Legion post and commanded it for two years and one-half, with such success that it became the largest post in New Hampshire. He has served on the state executive committee and has been department commander and national executive committeeman since January 1, 1922.

ELECT LEGION MAN GOVERNOR

James G. Scrugham, Leader in Fight for Adjusted Compensation, Victorious in Nevada.

James G. Scrugham, a leader in the American Legion's fight for adjusted compensation and a former national vice commander, has been elected governor of Nevada.

Jas. G. Scrugham

Born in Lexington, Ky., in 1880, Mr. Scrugham was graduated from Kentucky State university in 1900, and received a degree in mechanical engineering in 1908. He was a professor of mechanical engineering until 1914, when he was made dean of the Engineering college of the University of Nevada. He was named state engineer of Nevada in 1917.

Commissioned a major of artillery in December, 1917, Mr. Scrugham was assigned as production engineer in the ordnance department at Washington. He served on various special assignments connected with artillery production until after the signing of the armistice.

Mr. Scrugham is a member of Darrell Dunkle Post No. 1 of the Legion at Reno, Nev., and served as state commander from May until August, 1920. He was a member of the national executive committee and was chairman of a special committee that drew up the Legion's plan for adjusted compensation which was later embodied in the Fordney bill.

LEGION SHOWS RAISE FUNDS

Carnivals and Other Entertainments Produce Revenue to Aid Sick and Wounded Men.

From one end of the country to the other summer means the open season on field days, carnivals and tent shows. All of these attractions have their boosters and probably the most universal of all the boosters of all the shows have been those conducted by posts of the American Legion and the Legion Auxiliary. With 11,000 Legion posts, most of which have auxiliary units, in nearly every community in the country it couldn't well be otherwise.

A booth conducted by the Auxiliary to Brownsville post of Buffalo, N. Y., at a recent community field day in that place, closed within a few hours after being opened—sold out to the last drop of pink lemonade and ounce of candy. The proceeds from the sale of the drinks and eatables went into the Auxiliary's fund for helping sick and wounded ex-service men, the place where most of the auxiliary funds go.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER" when you buy. Insist!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over 23 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Rheumatism
Neuritis	Lumbago
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

A COLD TODAY—DON'T DELAY

CASCARA QUININE

Cures Colds in 24 Hours La Grippe in 3 Days

W. H. HILL CO., DETROIT

SAFE SURE DEPENDABLE

Time for One, Then.

"Mama, Tige's begging. Must I give him a piece of my cookie?"

"Of course you must——"

"Well, I haven't any cookie!"—Life.

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For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription.

Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

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Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her old, worn, faded things new. Even if she has never dyed before, she can put a new, rich color into shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything. Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade or run.—Advertisement.

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Having cleared your skin keep it clear by making Cuticura your every-day toilet preparations. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them.—Advertisement.

It is much easier to keep up than to catch up.

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Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Hope and hustle enable a man to gain his ends.

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When Your Eyes feel Dull and Heavy, or Matter Is Constantly Rolling—Make them Clear, Bright and Sparkling. Harmless. Sold and Recommended by All Druggists.

MURINE for Your EYES

BEECHAM'S PILLS Sweeten the Stomach

Strict.

"Aren't they awfully strict in their home life?"

"Dear me, yes; the bishop told me he had to faint before he could get anything to drink."

Marriage, like salad, is a failure when the dressing is poor.

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BELL-ANS for INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

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25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

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Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative — so cannot gripe. Try it today.

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Will Save Him

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Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes

Waiting for Supper at a Steam Oven.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

On the Alaskan peninsula, out of reach just now but more accessible than was the Yellowstone national park when it was established, Americans possess a wonderful national monument and potential rival for Yellowstone about which many of them know little. It is the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, a wonderful area of steaming fissures unlike anything else in the world. This marvelous valley may be considered a by-product of the great eruption of Katmai volcano in 1912, one of the most stupendous volcanic explosions in historic times. The existence of the valley was not even suspected until an expedition sent out by the National Geographic society to study other phases of the devastated area suddenly came upon its myriads of fumaroles sending their faint wisps and roaring volumes of steam into the atmosphere.

This is one of the greatest wonders of the world, if not indeed the very greatest of all the wonders on the face of the earth. The valley cannot be described; only after one has spent many days within its confines does one begin to grasp the proportions.

To one coming for the first time into the valley there seems but the thinnest of rinds between himself and molten material below. Several times when members of the exploring party accidentally put a foot through a thin place in the crust, steam came spouting out of the hole, forming a new fumarole. But it was always one foot only and the owner did not take long to get it out.

In many places the valley round about the vents is covered with a peculiar blue mud, thinly coated with a chestnut brown crust, which sometimes supports one and sometimes gives way suddenly, letting one down to his shoetops in the soft, scalding mud beneath. At such times one is apt to feel that his feet are taking hold on hell in very truth, particularly if the place happens to look "ticklish" otherwise.

Vents All Down the Valley.

The area in which the vents occur is not a simple valley but includes a complicated system of branches, the whole forming a tract of very irregular shape. The main line of activity extends directly transverse to the axis of the Alaskan peninsula from Katmai pass northwestward toward the head of Naknek lake. In this direction vents occur all the way down the valley as far as the bend to the north. There is clear evidence that when the steam jets burst forth this line of activity also extended straight across the pass and down through the upper valley of Mageik creek to Observation mountain.

Activity occurs in various branches of the main valley. The total length of all of these smoking valleys is 32 miles. The area is 70 square miles, the average width being something over two miles.

One of the questions most frequently asked by persons interested in the region is whether or not there are geysers. None was observed, and the conditions are such as to make their development unlikely for the present. Geysers belong to a declining stage of volcanic activity, while the present region is in a youthful stage. A geyser consists essentially of a column of hot water mixed with steam, which is periodically projected into the air by the sudden formation of the steam from water gradually heating up to the boiling point.

A geyser can exist, therefore, only in rock cool enough to permit the accumulation of the water. The vents of this steaming valley are so hot that they would instantly vaporize any ordinary quantity of water that might find its way into them. One can readily see that if the valley cools off gradually there may come a time favorable for the formation of geysers.

To attempt any catalogue of the individual vents or any description of them would be utterly futile. They vary all the way from microscopic jets of gas to mighty columns of smoke which overtop the mountains. To explore the valley thoroughly and become acquainted with the characters of the various vents would require a residence of several months. The smokes in general, however, may be classed as coming either from craters or fissures.

Craters Are Active.

The craters are much less numerous than the fissures, but include some of the largest and most active of the vents. All of them are located in the floor of the valley, not around the edges. They average about 100 feet in diameter. The rims are slightly raised above the general level, showing that they were produced by explosive action, but the amount of material, in these crater rings is, in general, very much less than enough to fill the cavity. Within they are perfectly conical pits, sloping down into the throat at the bottom.

The steep sides, standing at the critical angle, remind one of the pits which ant lions dig in the sand. Indeed, little imagination is required to picture the old devil at the bottom waiting to devour whatever slips over the edge; for the sides are so nearly perpendicular that if one made the first slip he could never get out again.

The smoke from these craters comes out in such volume that often the hole is completely filled and its outlines concealed, but by waiting a few moments at the windward side one can usually see the inside of the crater, and sometimes for an instant catch a glimpse of the throat at the bottom—usually a perpendicular tube about ten feet in diameter leading down into the bowels of the earth. On favorable occasions one may see as much as 50 feet below the surface of the plain.

Much the greater part of the steam in the valley comes to the surface, not in these craters, but through the innumerable fissures. There are readily seen to be two sets of these—bands of marginal fissures, several together, running around the edge of the valley in parallel lines, and single central fissures, which crisscross the floor in all directions.

The marginal fissures stand open, like great cracks in the surface, into which one might fall unless careful. Sometimes the fissures were formed merely by the cracking open of the ground, but often they are lines of faulting, one side standing higher than the other. They are often steaming hot for long distances without a break, and at intervals contain vents from which issue some of the biggest smokes in the valley.

While the smoke from the craters comes out quietly, in vast, rolling clouds, that from the fissures often is emitted under considerable pressure roaring and hissing. If one tosses pebbles into the mouths of these vents they are so buoyed up by the rising gases that they are either immediately spewed out again or they sink slowly down through the rising steam like feathers settling to earth. Such vents are the hottest places in the valley; the gases from them, do not condense for several yards beyond the orifice.

Fantastic Mud Formations.

All of the vents, even the smallest, whose fumes are too slight to be visible, incrust the mud in their vicinity with copious deposits, giving the adjacent ground a most fantastic appearance. These incrustations take on all colors imaginable and in many places give rise to very beautiful formations. The prevailing hues are perhaps those due to the gray and green and yellow alums, which build out curious crystalline structures simulating lichens growing on the ground.

Over large areas the ground has been burned to a bright red by the heat. The variations in the intensity of the color produced are extremely beautiful, including, as they do, all shades from orange and brick red to bright cherry reds, purples, and on down to black, with occasional contrasting streaks of blue. This type of coloration is most pronounced in areas originally occupied by small fumaroles which have burned out. In places the ground has the appearance of having been burned with fire for a mile at a stretch.

In the size of the vents and the quantity of smoke given off the valley is so far beyond other volcanic districts that no other place can for a moment be compared with it.

POULTRY

REPLACING BUGS AND GREENS

Poultryman Must Provide Spring Substitutes in Order to Secure Eggs During Winter.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In the management of hens it has been found that the largest profits are obtained if a good proportion of the eggs are laid during the winter. If two extra eggs a week can be obtained

Sprouted Oats Are an Excellent Winter Green Feed.

from each hen, a good profit will be made, and if the product is increased by only one egg a week in winter this one egg will pay for all the feed the hen eats, say poultrymen of the United States Department of Agriculture. To get this greater production use young hens of a good laying breed and feed the right sort of ration.

In the spring the production of eggs on the farm is easy. Chickens are usually on free range where they get all the green and animal feed they need to make a balanced ration. They also get plenty of exercise and fresh air. In order to produce eggs in the winter time, the feeder must provide substitutes for spring conditions. Green cut bone, meat scraps, animal meal, fish meal or tankage furnish good substitutes for the insects and worms. Cabbages, turnips, beets, potatoes and carrots furnish excellent green feed at little cost. Sprouted oats are also good, but require more care in preparation.

Grit is essential to the health of fowls and also to economy in feeding. Grit in a chicken's gizzard is like teeth in a person's mouth—it helps prepare the food for digestion. An open box of this material should be kept in every yard. An abundance of fresh water is also necessary and should be kept in sanitary containers.

WINTER HOUSE FOR POULTRY

Openings on South Side of Building Should Be Covered With Muslin or Burlap.

On stormy nights, windows or openings in the south side of the chicken house should be covered by a drop curtain. The curtain should be made of muslin or burlap. The floor of the house should be covered with a deep litter of straw in which the grain is scattered in order to make the hens work. Keep a mash mixture before the hens at all times. This can be composed of a mixture of bran, shorts, cornmeal, ground oats, etc. To this must be added a good grade of meat meal which should compose 20 per cent of the mixture.

POULTRY NOTES

Always feed good laying rations.

* * *

Stimulants and poultry tonics are of no value if a good laying ration is fed.

* * *

The flock that is healthy needs no doping.

* * *

The more room in the chicken house the easier it is to keep the house clean.

* * *

Treat every fowl on the farm for lice before they are housed for the winter.

* * *

Hens can stand cold weather, but dampness will soon undermine their vigor.

* * *

When feeding sunflower seed to the hens be sure and save a few of the largest and best-filled heads for seed.

* * *

There still are too many roosters in the average farm flock. Why keep up this useless expense?

* * *

Take note of the cornmeal used in mash for chicks. If this is bought in large quantities there is danger of spoiling and mold.

* * *

The use of green feed in the winter ration not only helps to keep the birds healthy, but it seems to influence the following spring.

* * *

It is not hard to select the best pullets when culling the young stock for winter. Discard the slow-growing, crow-headed pullets which show their lack of vigor.

CHEERFUL DECORATIONS FOR THE HOME

By ELIZABETH TRIMBLE

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

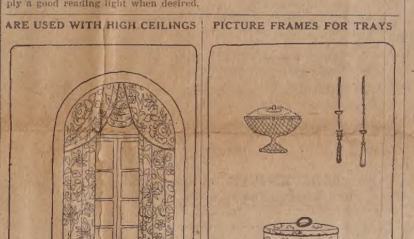
THIS DAINTY BEDROOM AT LITTLE EXPENSE

The dainty bedroom pictured here may be duplicated at little expense by any housewife who is clever with her needle. Pale green chintz scattered with apple blossoms drapes the parking-box dressing table, the black enamel bow-foot beds, and forms the window draperies. The black bench which may be bought secondhand, is upholstered with the chintz; the beds may also be bought secondhand and enameled. A shirring two inches wide with a cord in each edge is used across the tops of the windows, around the edge of the beds and the dressing table, and to cover the mirror frame. The dressing table top is covered with a piece of the chintz, over which ordinary window glass is fitted. The hand-braided rug is made of the scraps of the chintz with a deep border of black. The candlesticks and powder dish are of rose-colored glass and the candles and mirror cord are also rose.

EFFECTS OF SHADED LIGHTS ARE PLEASING

Little, if any, overhead lighting would be necessary in this living room. A pair of parchment-shaded torchiers on the table shed a soft glow sufficient for everything except reading, and a conveniently placed table and lamp supply a good reading light when desired.

ARE USED WITH HIGH CEILINGS | PICTURE FRAMES FOR TRAYS

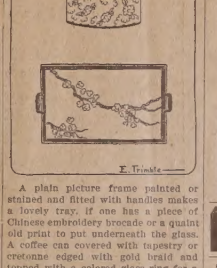


In a large room with high ceilings and French windows, massive furniture and large-patterned hangings may be used. The room shown in the sketch draws its inspiration from the blue-and-gold Chinese jar which has been used for the lamp base. The shade of blue chiffon over gold silk is fringed with the two colors. The hangings repeat the color note.

A plain picture frame painted or stained and fitted with handles makes a lovely tray, if one has a piece of Chinese embroidery brocade or a quaint old print to put underneath the glass. A coffee can covered with tapestry or cretonne edged with gold braid and topped with a colored glass ring for a handle forms an attractive cake or candy box. The powder dish is made of a grapefruit glass covered with gold net. The curtain pulls are easily made.

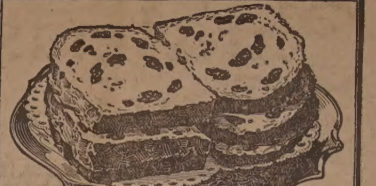
MAKE BEST OF LIMITED SPACE

GOOD PLACE FOR HEIRLOOM



For the woman who must use her bedroom as a livingroom, a day bed will be convenient. Dressing table may be hidden by a screen and with a few chairs and a table, a cozy living room will result. Pink satin is used for the window draperies.

If you have an heirloom, try to make it the center of an artistic group. Such a piece as this cloisonne vase is much more effective than if placed at random in a modern room.



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Use Sun-Maid Raisins also in puddings, cakes and cookies. You may be offered other brands that you know less well than Sun-Maids, but the kind you want is the kind you know is good. Insist, therefore, on *Sun-Maid* brand. They cost no more than ordinary raisins.

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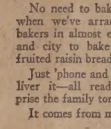

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SHEEP-LINED COATS, four pockets, belt, storm collar, unusual wearing qualities, 18 inches in length, $7.75. Send money order or check to cover. U. S. KAUFMAN & SON, 135 North Fifth Street, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

To Expand Present Business by adding import wish to refer money in shares from $100. Yearly 25% cash made. Write for particulars. CO-OPERATIVE EMBROIDERY CO., 413 5TH. ST., West New York, N. J.

More Than 50,000 Satisfied Users of the Wonder Window Washer. New invention; stand inside, wash windows outside. So simple a child can use it. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.25. U. S. M. MFG. CO., Tampa, Fla.

Center Harbor

Shirley Bickford captured a small deer last week. He seems to be the only one in the village up to date to be able to do so.

Mr. W. D. Reel, State Secretary of the N. H. Sunday School Association gave a very interesting talk last Sunday morning and evening at the Congregational Church in regard to his Sunday School work in this state. He is a fine speaker and holds the attention of his audience completely.

Mr. Fitzroy is at home again after being away for some time.

Fred Worthen has begun logging for Percy Kelly.

Ezra Perkins has rented his office and stable to parties that are going to cut out the lumber on the Golf Club farm this season, for W. A. Maclean.

Dr. L. B. Morrill has got the best of his carbuncle and is out again.

Howard Nichols has gone to Concord for the winter.

Dry wood is a very scarce article around this section, and the price is away up in the air, and still the farmers can't seem to see any way to get a little money.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bean announce the birth of a son, Kenneth Ardmore, on December 8th.

This town has completed the Red Cross Annual Roll Call, and gone "over the top" with a membership of 131, which is more than a fourth of the population and an increase over last year of ten per cent. Center Harbor has many people with a broad outlook, and an open hand for suffering humanity, as this membership bears witness. The chairman of the work wishes to thank the solicitors throughout the town for their efficient work, and the public for their generous response.

Meredith Neck

Mrs. Lucie Dickinson of Wenham, Mass., is visiting her son, H. B. Dickinson, and family.

What's the use of going to the north country deer hunting when they are so plenty that two can be taken in one day on the Neck.

We are glad to be able to report that Bert Mead is improving.

Mrs. Flora Fogg has a new stove.

Almon Plummer is home from Warren, N. H., where he has been on a long vacation.

Sam Casey is stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Perley Elliott for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Lovett have gone to Campton, where they will visit their daughter, Mrs. Dole, for a few days.

MEREDITH LOCALS

Notes From the Conference at Concord

The boys from Meredith have put their town on the map as far as the Boys' Conference, now in session here, is concerned. Laconia has no boys here and except two from Tilton there are none from Belknap County besides the Meredith boys. Nashua and Concord had more yells and more to yell, but Meredith was not far behind. The City of Keene has only six more representatives.

The boys and leaders are recognized by the conference leaders and the conference have elected two of the boys to office, Norman Piper is first vice president and Wm. Neal is on the credentials committee. Our delegation consists of Charles Stafford, Wm. Neal, Ralph Smith, Forest Lund, and Winniston Willey from the Baptist Church; Charles Bickford, Donald Gordon, Lorin Barrett, Paul Weeks and Charles Piper from North Church; Lawrence Wilkins, Randolph Morrison and Morris Bickford from the High School, Orville J. Guptill, Jr., and Norman Piper from K. U. A., and count with us a total of fifteen boys and leader. No town without a Y. M. C. A. has a larger delegation and the bunch that represents Meredith can't be beat for "pep", ability and attention to the business of the conference.

Employs County Veterinarian

Following an educational campaign put on by the Jo Daviess County, Ill., Farm Bureau, a county veterinarian has been engaged. The office of the county veterinarian will be in the Farm Bureau offices. The organization of townships for this work will be in the County Farm Bureau's hands.

The News is $1.50 per year

MEREDITH'S PAST

(Continued From First Page)

did for many years. His family consisted of three girls. George and his wife, Mary, and the youngest girl are dead and the old place I think came to Chet Bickford, who started a livery stable, but later got the auto fever and now has cars to let and runs a large truck to and from the depot carrying the mail and passengers. He also carries passengers to any point they desire to reach. The tenement that used to be the home of Lewis Eaton Chet has altered into a store and lets.

Directly opposite this house used to be my father's old stone blacksmith shop. This was one of the very first shops in Meredith, owned and occupied by Dan'l Corliss, who was an old man when I first knew him sixty or more years ago. Meredith I think became a town 152 years ago. If I am correct this would bring this old shop to within a few years of the town's birth. The light came through holes in the wall which were closed by wooden shutters, there being no glass in the holes. In those old days the blacksmiths burned charcoal on their forge. This they had to buy when they could and store it in a house by itself. When I first remember of this old shop I was around five years old, over sixty-five years ago. My mother was sick and I kept the maid busy when I was awake, so father used to take me down to the shop. At that time he had two apprentice boys, William Cate and Alphonso Clement. Cate and I were great friends and he used to carry me around straddle of his neck while I had both hands in his hair to hold myself on.

In those days Dr. Hosea Smith was in his glory and I liked him very much. In the rear of my father's shop was water from Measley Pond, now Lake Waukewan. Here were plenty of shiners, a fish about four to six inches long. I used to catch these for Dr. Hosea's hens, so many shiners for a stick of candy. The Doctor also owned a ram that was cross and Geo. P. Sanborn can tell you of a time that I started for home to get the ax to kill this ram because he had butted my brother Charlie over. What gets me in the fact that I remember these little old matters when I have to club my brains to remember what I did yesterday.

I think that Dr. Hosea went to the war and was killed. The store I know went to G. M. Burleigh, who ran it as a drug and fancy goods store for many years. Here I think was the first home of the telegraph in Meredith outside of the railroad station. This was when all messages were taken off the machine on strips of paper and I know as a little mighty wonder to me when C. W. Morrison could be putting up goods at one end of the store and writing a telegraph message at the other end. Finally this store came to G. F. Sanborn and was run by him until the building was sold to Dr. F. B. Hawkins. Dr. Hawkins had the old building torn down and in its place erected the splendid block that now stands there. It seems as if Meredith had a right to be proud of Dr. Hawkins. If he is not a self made man from humble circumstances as his were when young, I will not guess again. Later I am in hopes to give you a story of his early life, his fight for an education, and the place he now holds in Meredith. The description of this old corner sounds mighty familiar and I may have published it before, but I can find no proof of how or when.

Sixty years ago a small one story house and a small old black barn stood where the Meredith Inn now is. There a man named Langly, a tin smith, lived. Mr. Langley had a daughter who kept an infant's school in the corner front room next to her father's tin shop. Here we small urchins were taught our letters and how to behave.

In those old days all of the tin utensils that were used were made by hand and what is now the Economy Store was then Langley's tin shop. The late Dr. Blake used to be there some of the time and I was very fond of watching the little furnace where he heated his soldering irons and the way he used in making the dishes. I think Langley sold out to T. S. Moses who enlarged the house and barn and made the attractive building that are now there. Mr. Moses was also a tinsmith and carried on the business until he died. He had a very estimable wife and they had two boys and two girls; Will, Chet, Genie and Mina. Will was a busy boy and the old man used to tie him with a long rope in order to know where he was part of the time. Later Will put that energy into an education and married into a rich mill man's family and now is a gentleman at large with but few cares as I understand his children have good homes of their own. Chet I knew well as a boy, but he has been away from here many years and has passed from my mind mostly. Geneva married Dr. Hawkins and is an estimable woman, the mother of quite a family of whom I know but little. Mina was the youngest, and a mighty fine little woman. I knew her better than I did the others as she was my bookkeeper for several years. She was tender hearted, true as steel, and was loved by all who knew her. She finally married and had two children, when she sickened and died and her children soon followed her.

Mrs. Moses is still living in the old house on Main street. The old tin shop has blossomed into a small department store doing a good business, and is run by Mrs. M. E. Sharon.

What J. W. Beede was to the Republican party, T. S. Moses was to the Democrats, only more so. He would not trot the babies on his knee and feed them oranges, but when there was a tussle between the parties it was generally Stillman who said what to do, and the loft over his shop was generally full of the uncertain ones for a day or two before election. It was a smart man that outgeneraled him.

The next building is the Electric Light office. The moving spirit of this part of Meredith is Mr. H. B. Rust, not a native of Meredith. From a very small beginning he has enlarged until Meredith is generally lighted by electric lights and some of the largest as well as many of the small powers are derived from the same source, and he, with others, is now erecting a dam on the Pemigewasset river, will build a station there and send the electricity into Meredith and surrounding towns. A man has some nerve and head who can tackle and push to conclusions such large schemes.

Next came Chet Allen's barber shop. I think Chet is a native of Meredith and he seems to be doing a thriving business.

Next comes one of the cleanest markets that I ever saw in Meredith. No bad smells here. This market is owned by Guy Piper, who a few years ago was a poor boy living on a farm.

This corner block was owned by Josiah Sturtevant, an old timer. He made some kind of a deal with the town so that he moved the building to his lot where it now stands. Sturtevant was to have the downstairs part, while the upper part was to be used for a town hall. Just what the arrangement is I do not know, but Guy Piper bought out Sturtevant. He owns his home and several tenements about town, and he owes no man for this property and the Lord only knows how much money he has. Luck and circumstances have played into his hands since he started for himself and for one I am glad as he is a fine square man to deal with. The only fault I ever hear of him is that he makes us pay dearly for what we get. We have over these stores a town hall that is much in demand.

In the old days water stood where the town hall stands. Logs dropped into the water around Long Pond and Measley Pond need not be removed until they reached here when they were floated on to a low wheeled ox rig which was backed up into the water and the logs were floated on to the axle and chained. The team was then hitched on and the logs came to dry land. Sometimes the rear end of these logs was picked up under an axle and sometimes they were dragged down to the old up and down saw mill where John P. McKendric made them into dimension lumber. We boys liked to run over these logs. One day a brother of Mrs. John Roberts made a misstep and went down between the logs and was drowned.

This letter is now overlong so will close.

President on State Civic Society Tax Committee

G. M. Putnam, President of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation, was recently appointed a member of the New Hampshire Civic Association tax committee, which will study taxation in this state, and which in all probability, will co-operate with the State Farm Bureau in the tax reform advocated. Mr. Putnam has recently been in attendance at one of these committee meetings.

Secretary Speaks on Tax Inequalities

Secretary H. Styles Bridges of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation, spoke on tax inequalities in New Hampshire, at four of the County Farm Bureau annual meetings, which included the meetings at Rockingham, Strafford, Cheshire and Carroll County. Mr. Bridges explained the inequalities as found by the Farm Bureau tax committee.

"Bloc" Has New Program

Two bills which are already reported out of Committee, and therefore should have the right of way on the floor, are the Ford proposal to lease the dam and operate the fertilizer plants at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, and the bill providing for an intermediate form of credit running from six months to three years. The Agricultural Blocs have definitely decided that their program will include the Ford tender, intermediate credit and the anti-filled milk bill, which already has passed the House and is now in the Senate Agricultural Committee, and the bill raising the maximum amount that may be loaned to any individual by Federal farm loan banks from $10,000 to $25,000.

COLLECTOR'S SALE
of Non-Resident Lands

State of New Hampshire Belknap SS

Notice is hereby given that so much of the following real estate in the town of Meredith, in said County, belonging to persons not resident in said town, as will pay the following taxes assessed upon each tract respectively for the year 1922, with incidental charges, will be sold at auction at the Selectmen's room in said Meredith, on the ninth day of February next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, unless prevented by previous payment.

Owner's name and description	Valuation	Taxes
Harry L. Chatman 1-2 Cottage and Lot on Winnisquam	$ 750.00	$ 16.35
W. H. Conner 18 acres Boyden property	36,000.00	348.80
Rose Wenetsky, Lots in Prospect Park	200.00	4.36
Frank C. Brewer, Ada King property on Winnisquam	300.00	6.54

EDMUND QUIMBY,
Collector of Taxes.

December 9, 1922

Read the News Want Ads

The Spirit of the Season....

Haven't you overlooked us when you were selecting your gifts for the coming Christmas? Many of the things listed below can be used all the year round.

What will you ever give your friends and relatives? Something electrical to be sure and maybe the following suggestions will help you out:

Electric Heating Pad for Grandma or Grandpa

Electric immersion heater for Brother or Dad (wonderfully handy for heating water for shaving)

Wallace Reading Lamp for Sister—she can use it on her desk or sewing table

And for Mother, just what she has always wanted, an Electric Iron.

Waffle Irons, Electric Toasters, either flat or upright, "Miller" Lamp Adapters, Washing Machines, Vacuum Cleaners, Percolators, Irons and Reading Lamps make very useful gifts, give greater pleasure, more dependable service, more time is saved, results more efficient than the average gift you might select.

"They best interpret the Spirit of Christmas who give things of utility and beauty; for the gift is then ever a source of pleasure, and its use makes easier the daily tasks and pleasanter the daily life of the recipient.

Such a gift serves as a permanent reminder of the kindly sentiments of the donor. And because it is given in friendship, and received with appreciation and gratitude, the Spirit of Christmas is truly interpreted."

Meredith Electric Light Co.

Central New Hampshire Telephone Company

THE FORMS FOR THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF THE DIRECTORY WILL CLOSE DECEMBER 15TH.

IN ORDER THAT ARRANGEMENTS CAN BE MADE FOR LISTING NEW SUBSCRIBERS IN THIS DIRECTORY OUR OFFICE SHOULD BE NOTIFIED AT ONCE. CHANGES DESIRED BY SUBSCRIBERS WHICH WILL EFFECT THEIR LISTING SHOULD ALSO BE REPORTED BEFORE DECEMBER 15TH.

THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE DIRECTORY WILL NOT BE UNTIL JUNE 1923.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of DAVID A. AMBROSE, late of Meredith, N. H., deceased.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all having claims to present them to the subscriber for adjustment.

November 27, 1922.

DAVID E. AMBROSE,
Administrator.

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